

LEAN TIMES AT A DIET SPA

OCTOBER 1974

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



50¢

Maclean's

Ron Lancaster off the field by Jack Ludwig
What we did in the war by Barry Broadfoot
Politicizing Trudeau by Christina Newman



Riki Turofsky: Canada's sexy soprano



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Cover: Photograph of Pili, Turkey, by Ron Bell
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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

In this issue: new faces, new paging and new regional editions

Alfred since its founding at the turn of the century this publication has been committed to its title. "Canada's National Magazine," a rather lengthy responsibility that once led a former editor to remark: "Working for Maclean's is like being called to the Senate." Hopefully, that's not a valid simile, certainly, the departed staffer was wrong to compare this magazine to an appointment. We're in office only as long as readers want us there and Maclean's ownership sign over the years has been to grow with its readership. That's meant we've had to anticipate where that nation is going, to imagine what the times are all about from a certain point of view — not deterministic (the grandest theories can be shattered by day-to-day realities) — but in complete sympathy for the worth of the country and its people. The whole country.

Canada has changed greatly since this magazine was founded in 1905 as Colonel John Maclean's *Boy's Mail Magazine*. The readers have changed every bit as much. We've tried to keep one step ahead of this change or at the very least to keep up to it, and sometimes we've succeeded. All magazines go through seasons, and Maclean's has suffered and enjoyed more than most. Different times, different audiences, different formats and very different editorships. Over the past three-and-one-half years, the shifting size of the private group of editors has been, simply, not to temper. We believed Canadians no longer wanted a *New Maclean's* declared every few months. Fully aware that magazines are not like bottom-fishes — with each magazine topping the previous one — we struck it out with one personality. And people got to know us once again. We devised some of the distance that had grown up between Canada's national magazine and the Canadian it serves.

Now, though, we want to come a little closer. We hope within the next few years to shrink the distance that remains between editors and readers to a more handshaking way. One method would be to go to a greater publishing frequency. It takes a year, twice monthly, perhaps weekly. That step means our attention but its realization depends on the economics of publishing in this country and how they will evolve. Another way to bridge the gap — and the one which we are exploring this month — is a quiet series of concentrated readings for regional sections of particular concern. We will begin with two special eight-page sections — one for British Columbia, the other for Toronto — the first such accompanying by a periodical anywhere. If our readers want to be kept up to date, we hope they will, we plan to spend our regional efforts in other parts of Can-

ada, all the while maintaining and expanding our national efforts to give overall coverage to the country.

The regional sections will be launched under the direction of magazine editor Don Oke, a much-assured editor who believes firmly that this magazine's responsibility is to define the nature of things. "Magazines are particularly suited to this task," says Oke. "They are less concerned with a running account of events than with an evaluation of the kind of times the events add up to, and, that established, how to respond to them."

Oke will be joined by our new West Coast section editor, Paul Giesee, who will be responsible for the BC issue. Both special sections (which will appear in the middle of the issues distributed in Toronto and BC) will deal with their areas in ongoing enterprises, sources of power and influence in politics, business and the arts. Places where interesting people live in interesting times. The writing will be highly personal, informed journalism which will celebrate life in these parts of Canada with one essential reservation: the right to criticize.

Readers may also get to know us better through an expanded roster of columnists. We've been aware for some time now that the best-read columns are those provided over by a regular contributor. Starting with this issue we're introducing eight permanent columnists — commentators our readers will get to know as friends or enemies. Ray Magidoff will write on business and finance; Myrna Kostash on women; Philip Marchand on television; and John Robertson on Montreal will alternate with Ray MacGee on Toronto sports. Heather Robertson, our popular TV columnist, has been given the magazine's back page to do with as she will. Walter Stewart (booked) and John Hofsess (films) will remain at their posts.

One other change reflects a lesson learned from one thoughtful reader who last year purchased three additional copies of *Maclean's* and with scissors, pens, tape and staples showed the all-knowing editors it was possible to turn to a magazine that wouldn't force readers to turn to the back of the book each time they wanted to complete a story. From now on most of our stories will be sequentially signed. They'll also be shorter, so there will be approximately twice as many articles as before.

The people who own Maclean's and the people who produce it hope that most of the magazine's readers will approve these changes and others we're planning for the future. Let us know, any way or the other. Whether your letters encourage or criticize, or leave well alone, the magazine is being read and thought about.



Walter Stewart

Myrna Kostash

Ray Magidoff

Philip Marchand

John Robertson

Heather Robertson

This is the Bug between Russia and Poland.

With all due respect to their Russian neighbors, Polish people will tell you it was they who invented vodka in the first place. This was the bug between Russia and Poland. Clearly a question of specific national pride. So when you connect with the Russians, we opened the bug from into Poland. The first person we met was a typical Polish, Schwan. We poured him a specialty Canadian drink: Alberta Vodka, orange juice and cherry brandy. He sipped, and quickly put the glass down. He placed his glass of Alberta Vodka straight, instead. He drank it. Then he smiled. And nodded. When we pointed out the Alberta Vodka label, he laughed. Then awkwardly changed his face.

Proving you're polite means that you don't need a Russian's cunning smile to make a great vodka.

The Bug
To connect each national vodka, white, yellow, berry, honey, etc. we'll tell you.

Alberta Pure Vodka: No wonder it's Canada's largest selling vodka at the popular price.

Photographs by The City of the Bug River, border between Russia and Poland

The almighty dollar.



Paper money has been used as a form of currency in Canada for close to three hundred years. Yet it was actually invented in China where Marco Polo first observed it in the thirteenth century. It still works fine provided you don't lose it, get it stolen or spend it. In which case, it doesn't work for you at all.

The almighty Chargex.

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Even when it's time to pay you can save money in the long run. That's because all your charges expenditures are billed to you on one monthly statement. So one cheque pays for all your purchases and that means you save on bank service charges. At the same time you have an excellent record of your expenses to help your future budgeting.

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ACCOUNT INFORMATION

Account Number	Branch Name	Branch Address	Branch City	Branch Province	Branch Postal Code

CHARGE INFORMATION

Charge Number	Charge Date	Charge Amount	Charge Type	Charge Description	Charge Status

CHARGE DETAILS

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JOE CLARK: THE TORY ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE

By Walter Stewart

"Demerol," said the Senior Tory Official, "you guys all write as if Jack Homer was the only Conservative in Alberta. Why don't you write about Joe Clark? Here's a guy who could be prime minister some day, and nobody ever heard of him."

I took the remark with a journalist's grace, stifled for three days and mutually confirmed Joe Clark, whoever he was, to the depths of hell. That was a year ago, and since then I seem to run into Clark every time I turn around. He is on his feet in the House of Commons, trading words with Energy Minister Donald Macdonald; he is crushed over a mile in the concrete considering election finances, fighting with pugilist phrases for stronger enforcement procedures; he is engaged to have bubbled up in circles to make stirring speeches on bilingualism, provincial autonomy, out-laws abatement or municipal financing.

During the federal election campaign, when Robert Stanfield rejected the candidacy of Leonard Bown, because of the Montreal mayor's stand against bilingualism, Jack Homer, the Tory MP for Crowfoot, once tearing out of his Alberta corner to attack Stanfield, a few days later, Joe Clark, the Tory MP for Rocky Mountain, the riding next to Crowfoot, flew into New Brunswick to deliver my speeches — as Friends — in support of the Conservative leader. After the election, when stories about Stanfield's successors began to appear, there was Clark, glimmering brightly among the "possibles" on the lists of the Ottawa cognoscenti.

Well, I know when I'm let out, so I went to see Clark, talked to his colleagues, checked his record and came away thinking that maybe Joe Clark will be prime minister.

I don't mean that he is a strong contender to succeed Stanfield. At 35, he is too young to be taken seriously the time needed and he is regarded by too many of the anti-Stanfield hard liners as a Stanfield man. He will probably run up to a work for one of the better-known candidates. If Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed were to declare himself (not likely), Clark would work for him, (if Ron Macdonald, MP for Kingston and the Islands makes a serious run (likely), he might well come on his organizing skill (Clark has worked for Lougheed, Stanfield and Dalton Tapp).

Politics is tough, and this is not the time for Joe Clark, but he has to win some, if he just needs a way out.

He was born in High River, Alta. (the town a cow in Jack Homer's riding) on June 5, 1939, and brought up there as the son of a high-school teacher and the editor of *The High River Times*. When he was 17, he came to Ottawa on a Rotary club award trip, and landed in the middle of the little-known pipeline debate. He was unimpressed by the shrillness of the clash of personalities, the thrashing out of mighty issues. The next year, when John Diefenbaker, the hero of that debate, came to speak in High River, Clark turned out and was enthralled again. His career was settled, although he didn't know it at the time.

He became intrigued in campus politics at the University of Alberta, and served two years as national president of the PC student federation. After graduation, he studied law —



the politician's profession — first at Dalhousie University in Halifax, then at the University of British Columbia, but law was not absorbing, politics was, and he dropped out.

He took on a series of jobs that amounted to a crash course in his chosen career. He was private secretary to W. J. C. Kirby, the Alberta Tory leader, and later worked as an organizer for Peter Lougheed, in the early days of Lougheed's struggle to power. Later, he ran provincially for Lougheed, in Calgary South. The seat was considered as safe for Social Credit that when Clark asked a politician if he had any chance of winning, the politician replied, "Well, there was, after all, a virgin birth." But Clark conquered hard, and came within 461 votes of a stunning upset. In fact, he had prepared a telegram to send the politician: "Come to Borden and see" — but didn't get to send it.

Between Alberta campaigns he worked as a journalist, studied and taught political science, and became more and more involved in federal politics. As PC youth leader, he became a reluctant supporter of the campaign to oust Diefenbaker from the party leadership. He worked for Don Finlay, and Stanfield, the eventual winner, was so impressed by him that he offered Clark a job as his executive assistant. So, late in 1967, Clark moved to Ottawa and worked until 1970, when he left to tour Europe and study French.

Later that year, he moved back to Alberta to work on his MA in political science, wrote, teach and prepare to run for parliament. In 1972, he captured the PC nomination in Rocky Mountain, moved to Edmonton, in the northern half of the riding, and defeated the Liberal incumbent.

When he came back to Ottawa in late 1972, he was an established pro, and his smooth competence in the House and in committee marked him as a man to watch. In the 1974 election, he made this double his victory margin in Rocky Mountain. Now he is ready for the next stage, major opposition assignments pending the day when — if ever — his party comes to power, and he is girding himself by working hard, polishing his French (his wife, Monique, is bilingual, which helps), and keeping his options open.

In short, Clark is on the rise. Although regarded as suspiciously aggressive by some party hawks, he is astute and works easily with most other MPs. His background has given him broader contacts and a broader grasp of national problems than such contemporaries as Vancouver MP John Fraser and Edmonton MP Douglas Roche, other Alberta members. Finally, he has the politician's essential asset — presence. He is not particularly handsome — he is thin, of medium height, with a check of dark-brown hair and striking blue eyes, but a slightly different class sports the affect — and in his private hours appears a quiet and even unassuming man. But when the Kling lights go on, or a crowd comes to his feet, or the House of Commons roars into order, his slender arms become biceps, his eyes flash, his voice deepens, and the public Joe Clark emerges as an elegant, forceful, dynamic personality. Presence, you have it, or you don't. Clark has it.

And who the hell is Jack Homer, anyway?

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JOEY'S SECOND COMING: DON'T RULE IT OUT

By Rob Parker

If things work out the way he plans, and it is 22 years of Newfoundland politics there was only one scenario when they didn't work out. Joey Smallwood is going to try for a comeback. On October 25 and 26 there is going to be a Liberal leadership convention in Newfoundland and Joey has let it be known that he's available "if the people want me." If that sounds a little like DeWittsberg acting his rights as Robert Smallwood's job, it just proves you don't know much about the Only Living Father of Confederation.

Back in 1972 when Joey went into retirement, his popularity was at a low ebb, and he was more seriously rethinking his life as the Only Living Father, an epithet coined by St. John's Telegram columnist Ray Gray. That stage has now passed and he's an older statesman, full of beer and vinegar, and most willing to return to his public. Moving from that stage back to the leadership of his party and thus the premiership of his province is a scenario with a dash of wishful thinking in it, but it could happen. Here's why.

As a folk hero, Smallwood has no equal in Newfoundland. Through the summer months, he has over 100,000 people. Through the winter months, he has over 100,000 people. The question, of course, is whether this personal popularity can be translated into political support. One body of opinion says no, it can't, damn it. On the other side, Greg Power, a longtime Smallwood enemy, says, "If they hated Joey, wouldn't that translate into political apathy?" Uh, well, yes. "So since they love him, how can they won't love him?" Power takes.

While Smallwood has been climbing back on his pedestal, the Moors administration has been losing ground. Part of that is natural, midlife dissatisfaction, part of it is political incompetence. Joey stayed in office as much for how he did things as for what he did, and the Conservatives are suffering by comparison. If you wanted to talk to Joey, or one of his ministers, chances were they'd answer the phone themselves. Or you'd get a personal visit to the Premier's office, or home. You would have to wait an hour, or even six, but you got to see him, so appointment necessary and never mind how difficult a matter you had on your mind. The Conservatives, not at all willing to copy that kind of accessibility, have accepted themselves as inept and are unavailable to constituents. That is a big mistake, and the Only Living Father is just the guy to take advantage of it.

When Smallwood left, the Liberal Party was in a sorry state. And when Frank Moores called a snap election in the spring of 1972, the Liberals were decimated. But again that the party has made a surprising comeback. They brought down a bipartisan list bill, despite campaign efforts by the entire Moors cabinet, and in the July federal election they knocked the Liberals out in the province to its highest level since 1965. They stand a good chance of knocking the PCs out next time around. It may seem inevitable that the party leadership would come to be in question, but it is unlikely to Joey.

The present leader is a former Smallwood minister, Ed Roberts, young, bright, capable, but hardly charismatic, and



Joey has often said that Roberts, in his humble opinion, is a dud. Say anything often enough and people start believing it.

So, the party is coming back. The leader isn't particularly magnetic. How do you move from these facts to the inevitable conclusion that Joey is preparing himself for the comeback into power—a comeback only slightly less startling than that of Richard Nixon decided to run for office again in '74?

Well, for starters, you look at who's willing to be quoted on the subject on anything more than blood gas analysis. It's a slim list. Norman Whelan is a young St. John's lawyer who made a headline showing respect for McGinnis in St. John's East as Joey, meaning around but knowing the Liberal vote considerably. He's told Smallwood that if he does try a comeback he probably would support it. Outside of Whelan, Joe Liberman of my sister will be quoted to the effect that Joey is not the snail the party needs. Joey has pulled off the near impossible often enough that experienced politicians aren't willing to say he can't do it again. It is not considered good politics in Newfoundland. Liberal circles to be on the wrong side of Joey Smallwood when he is leader, and that substantial band of maybe-half-million is a powerful factor in his favor.

Don't expect Joey to declare himself unless a mass movement of support develops. A former Smallwood cabinet minister says he doesn't believe Joey has lost enough of his courage to risk humiliation, so he won't declare himself until he's sure he has a solid majority of the 300-odd newspaper delegates committed. And he can't personally court them without being evasive about it. Much prefer to have someone else lead the parade, dropping a reluctant but well-regarded Joey behind. So far a loss has happened.

Ultimately, the question is why Joey would want to try again, and the answers range from "power grab" to one extreme to "love of country" at the other. But Smallwood himself provides the best answer: he's mad as hell. A nice little cottage of delusions have been uncovered by the Conservatives since Joey left, and there's been a lot more successful digging. Nothing really that damning has been found. But Joey says his good name and reputation have been tarnished, and damaged if he'll sit by and watch terms of Moors' search his house and not get back at the bastards that sent them. A more public reason is station robes, one last chance for Joey to sit Newfoundland politics on the straight and narrow and put Newfoundland politicians once and for all out of the shadows of the big money corporate fat cat. Well, the digging issued you hear in the background is experienced observers trying to sniff out that without pigging, from a man who walked political porcupine and collected party donations with a license the Porcupine would have roared. But that's what the news says.

Brings that dog barker in politics, stranger still in Newfoundland politics and positively weird thing you see when Joey is involved and other somebody's head. Remember the soldier in India attacked by a knife-throwing Gurkha?

"I'll miss me!"
"So, please to shake your head!"
Pop.



The Other Pickup— a wider track than any pickup on the road.

This '74 International® grips the ground like a quarterhorse.

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THE MARKET: HANGING TOUGH WITH BLUE CHIPS

By Ray Maglior

If you're an investor, you need to hear a little restrained optimism about the stock market. First here follows a briefing on your investments. Second is what declining share prices — a "bear" market — can do. And a bear market we have, as stock prices have wilted like flowers in the frost.

You have been told by everyone in sight that there is worse to come, that you must have hope for a recovery.

Just the same, then, for a common view. A reversal is probable in the current slump, not in time for Christmas perhaps, but before any of us is a year older.

To be able to spot the signs of the change, we must look back at the disaster areas of 1973 and 1974 to try to determine what went wrong.

A year ago this autumn, stock prices generally had staged a strong recovery from the previous lows of 1976. The prices of leading stocks — the shares of established and growing companies — were at or near historic highs. At that point, a pickup in the inflation rate, rising interest rates and fears of a recession sent prices spinning downward.

One indicator of prices, the Toronto Stock Exchange's index of industrial shares, plunged 21% or so. In New York, the Dow-Jones average recently was down about 30% from its 1973 peak. These are examples of what are considered to be the more "solid" stocks, and they do not necessarily reflect the experiences of all investors. Some large investors, even reasonably careful ones, have suffered losses of 50% or more in their "paper" assets (the worth of these stocks, as measured by the current market price).

Add to that the erosion of the value of our money caused by inflation, and you have the makings of a disaster. Or, as one brokerage salesman said, as he picked his headstone for another plot: "The market isn't as bad as it seems. It's five times worse."

Unusual inflation, high money costs and official restrictions on credit are bad for the market — they have a more significant effect than a Watergate scandal or a breakdown of peace talks in Geneva. High money costs and restricted credit not only clip the wings of investors who normally borrow money, they place added stress on shareholder-owned corporations. High interest rates are said to have in western money flows from the stock market into high-yielding bank deposits and other short-term savings plans. And this kind of chronic creates a general loss of a resolution — lower profits and growth, more unemployment, less spending. Less money, in short, to buy or hold common shares.

When the stock market turns sour, it does it in spades. Many stocks, whether buoyant or depressed, see the news. And it is the proper business of an investor to know his strategy is sound and his assets attractive, to try to take advantage of sudden pessimism that may mean that the market is unusually depressed. That is not an easy thing to do — daily market opinion. But within bounds, it is desirable.

It may be very close to the time to take this country course. You must keep in mind that the stock market isn't a



reflection of current events, instead, it tries to win the sum of the economic future, of course. Perhaps half a year or so away. As it shows checks on its own barometer in predicting recession, it can also peek up brightly looking ahead of the usual low point of an economic downturn. It has behaved that way many, many times.

No one, whether an investor beginner or a veteran speculative type, should plunge indiscriminately into a depressed and badly beaten market. It is simply too dangerous. You should not underestimate the depth of public disenchantment with the stock market or ignore the possibility that some beleaguered stocks will take months to lift off the ground again.

You must hedge your bets as best you can against the chance of further declines, against surprises, against some unpredictable disaster of whatever nature. To do that, you should select only those stocks that offer the least risk of further severe losses — stocks that offer visible value (good profits and dividends, proven records) rather than stocks that simply offer the hope of growth (young companies that are still trying to make it to the big leagues but not valuable to financial streets and bond firms).

You should also avoid those companies that have enjoyed unusual success recently in prices and profits, natural resource firms, for instance, may be facing some trouble in the future. In well companies that depend heavily on exports, and you should stay away from companies that are under the gun of active government regulation.

No stock will measure up in every way but it should pass muster on one count: it should be a dividend-payer and a payer of long standing. The value of dividends is not just in the money paid to you as a holder, regular dividend payments act as a peg to the stock's market price. A stock trading at \$10 and paying one dollar of dividends will be resistant to price declines, since a drop in the share price would lower the dividend yield to an unusual level. The stock would attract enough buyers, normally, to provide it with strength. This type of stock will also tend to rise more promptly in a general improvement in stock prices.

Books and other financial corporations, publishing, beverage, major retailing firms, the telephone and electric utilities are most likely to provide the best choices.

You may wonder at times what stock market commentators are doing with their own money. After all, they may be presiding over courts and pursuing another, advising you to hold your stocks when they are dumping theirs.

So here's a little disclosure. The hapless person that I call my "discriminatory advisor" is partly locked into the shares of Canadian enterprises. They are worth one half of what they could have been sold for a year ago. So nobody at our house is what you would call chummy about the stock market. And yet things aren't really that bad. The shares represent proven corporate strength, they pay dividends that look pretty safe and secure and they will recover one day — indeed, if there is any rationality in the market, they will lead the market recovery that should be in store for the faithful sometime in 1975. So I'm hanging on to them — tight.

Living Metric



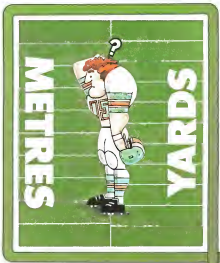
Before you panic, this doesn't mean the end of your favourite game. When football goes metric, it will mean a shift in the markings and in the way we talk about distance. Making it metric won't change the game drastically, but it will affect the words used to describe it. Gradually, all sports will convert to metric measurement. Already, in Jerry Park, the distance from the Exos home plate to the outfield fences is shown in metres. Competition diving in Canada has been metric for years. And when the Olympics get here, we'll become even more familiar with metric in the sporting life.

Sportsmen of the many areas in our daily lives to be affected by Canada's conversion to metric. Eventually, everything we measure will have its mass, volume, length or temperature expressed in metric units: kilograms, litres, metres and degrees Celsius.

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1st And 10 Metres To Go or kissing the 55 yard line good-bye



When Canadian football goes metric, the 55 yard line will disappear. Instead of rushing for yards, a player will go for metres. Third and inches to go will be third and centimetres to go. Maybe the switch will mean that you'll get to see some tougher football. A metre is a bit longer than a yard and to get that first down, someone will really have to hustle.

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YOUR VIEW

Getting straight

If John Gush will look at section 96 of the British North America Act, he will see that the "Queen's Justice" had no more to do with the appointment of Ross Lindsay to the Ontario Court of Appeal than the British Columbia Social Crediters or the Saskatchewan NDP.

Judges of the Superior, District and County Courts of every province are appointed by the Governor General, that is, by the government of Canada. The only exceptions are Judges of the Courts of Probate in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, who are appointed by the provincial governments.

EUGENE FORNEY, OTTAWA

In John Gush's *Doing Justice To Ross Lindsay* (July), there is an unfortunate error. Gush says "Lindsay was professor of law at U of T until his appointment to the Ontario Court of Appeal in 1965" — an appointment that surprised a great many people because the Tory government of Ontario had theretofore owned no record of naming known legal activists to important benches. Evidently the author does not realize that, under the Constitution, judges of all high courts and county and district courts are federal appointments. Thus, Lindsay was appointed to the Ontario Court of Appeal on the recommendation of Hon. Lester B. Pearson as Minister of Justice in the Pearson government. He was appointed to the Supreme Court of Canada on the recommendation of John Turner and Chief Justice on the

recommendation of Prime Minister Trudeau. No Tories were involved.

J. W. PICKENILL, OTTAWA

The joy of hooking

Here's to reading more of John Hofsine. His *Misadventures In The Skin Trade* was vivid and revealing. Nothing was left to the imagination.

M. JORDAN KOPPEL, OTTAWA

As a chaplain, 56 years of age, I read John Hofsine's article *Misadventures In The Skin Trade* with mixed feelings. Gladness, that sex has been brought out of the shadows of ignorance, prejudice and shame; sadness, that still in so many of us the animal rules over the human being. But keep on writing, John, and tell us the truth about sex.

REN E. C. BARBER, RAPID CITY, WY.

Mr. Hofsine, you're beautiful! With all due respect to sculptors and folk singers, politics and Supreme Court justices, what Mr. Hofsine's essay means to me is his discussion by John Hofsine *Misadventures In The Skin Trade* — love, lust, treachery and revealing. Now you are not only Canada's national magazine but also its most sophisticated. Enclosed is my subscription form. I don't want to miss an issue.

B. HARTLEY BRIDGES, TORONTO

I read with disgust your article *Misadventures In The Skin Trade*. It is too bad that there are women who use their bodies to make money doing

the positions and lusts of men. To me, sex should be clean and confined to the marriage bed and not the sordid thing the article portrays.

If you wished to expose the "gangs on" in the three cities named, you could have found a better way to do it. As far as I can see, the article encourages promiscuity and increases venereal diseases.

MRS. H. HAMMERLEND, BRANTFORD, ONT.

Misadventures In The Skin Trade by John Hofsine will, no doubt, lose you a few subscribers. However, I am delighted that someone agrees with me about our so-called porno movies. To me, endless reruns of hands, bodies, faces, etc., written around is not only boring but false. Although I enjoy pornography, I stopped going to these movies a long time ago because they are so artificial and have no right to be called pornography. They are like a girl who deliberately turns with never an intention of giving a thing. I suppose the greatest porno crisis has resulted in just another way for people to seduce other people.

MRS. C. NORD, WESTMINSTER, QUE.

Have just finished reading *Misadventures In The Skin Trade* by John Hofsine in which he sets out the details of his frustrating pilgrimage to find true porno.

I have concluded that the article is a rip-off to him and grossly unfair to your average lustful, red-blooded reader.

I mean, anyone so logical as to ask "If you can do it, why can't you see it," and who has the audacity to find that trenching through an ad in T&B deserves more respect.

I have this amazing picture of a *Mailbox*'s editor exhorting John Hofsine to beef up his article at the end with a new twist: "Look, guy, have the three brooks fall into bed together without sex. How's that for titillation?" Come on now, John Hofsine, you can do better than that, can't you?

MRS. B. LAMON, LONDON, ONT.

Scientology replies

I would like to comment on the article which appeared in the May issue of *Mailbox* concerning the Church of Scientology. The tone of the writing, right as it is with shocking insinuations—

continued on page 18

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dis, cannot be corrected: nor is denial of the various allegations an all too satisfactory form of answer. Indeed, I am not interested in attempting to reply to everything in John Seaborn's article.

Soteriology is an applied religious philosophy with the accent on applied. There have been many religious philosophies and dogmas, but where Soteriology differs from the tradition of religious orthodoxy is in its stress on the application of discovered workable truths to day-to-day life. Soteriology is a religion in the oldest sense of the word, "a study of wisdom," from which all men can partake and benefit.

Who believes that man is a spiritual being who is basically good and who is capable of becoming ungodly, for example, through the application of technology, as an ever-expanding (self-)civilization and almost to be workable over the last 30 years? Scientology is a religion that has been spreading in the most of elite police domains for years, comes under attack across the world by various commissions on police reform set up by Churches of Scientology, and is being investigated for mistreatment arising from the denial of basic civil and human rights through to spiritual proceeds with such institutions as the Church of Scientology, electroconvulsive therapy and electroshock have been under heavy attack by commissions and committees organized by the Church of Scientology. The Church of Scientology also serves other sacred reform agencies including programs for the aged, orphans, rituals, symbols and the monthly magazine *Scientology*. The Church of Scientology is also the Church of Scientology.

Predictably, in carrying out our social reform activities, the Church has come across vested interest groups that do not want conditions to change.

The real test sometimes occurs, then, that these who are trying to stop the changes advocated by the Church will go to any sordid means to stop the Church itself. As long as we continue to tell the truth about men that permit such infamy to visit to permit and thus threaten the social fabric of our country, we are confident that the Church of Scientology can make great contributions to changing bad conditions in Canada. Our founder, L. Ron Hubbard, has said that "Our opponents are a small class running against the wind of the world. They will lose."

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MINISTRY OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS
CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY OF MONTREAL

continued on page 22

A birthday.

a graduation,
a promotion,
an anniversary,
a wedding,
a retirement,
a reward,
a success,
a friendship,
a job well done
or even a gift to
yourself

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In an automobile that's precisely right



Michael Cline, *Editor*

Advanced Editing: optional 3-day course

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Proportion size Monarch is over one foot smaller than last year's average mid-size car, yet it has more front headroom and comes within 13 inches of keyholes. Monarch seats 5 adults in comfort and has plenty of luggage space with a 14 cubic foot trunk. Visibility is outstanding thanks to higher than average seating and unusually large well-positioned window areas.

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*See detailed facts and results upon request. Corby Consumer Services, 1200 St. Lawrence Street West, Montreal, PQ, Quebec.



Corby. Good since in Canada since 1859.

A likely Tory

I have just read Walter Stewart's article, *Battlefield's Last March* (August). I regret to see that Stewart seems to have assigned not merely Tory pronouncements but even the Tory media persona, viz. that the only thing that ever delays a party at the polls is that party's leader and not the party's rank and file.

Although as Tory, I could vote for Robert Stanfield myself, for various reasons: he seems an honest and reasonably intelligent man.

In a fairly average Canadian, and I am sure I can't be the only one who had no respect for Stanfield because of his associates. And the associates had to be rejected because I can't figure out where their obvious conservatism lies.

M. A. TURNER, CALGARY

Our fair lady

Re Article on Margaret Trudeau (August), all we need is another millionaires child asking us how to live on \$5,500 a year.

She can afford to be a "bourgeois" princess.

BILL A. SANDRA RIVER, SARASOTA, FL

Margaret's First March written elegantly and in her usual brilliant style by Jane Gilwood. Margaret Trudeau is a charming, lovely and intelligent girl, but I doubt if these attributes were instrumental in achieving a parliamentary victory for her husband, Pierre Elliott Trudeau. His majority lead was guaranteed and an obvious bullet result. I overheard several voters on July 8, 1976, remark that there was but one choice — Liberal. The frayed-at-the-edges cliché that belated a successful man there is always a woman does not apply to Pierre Trudeau. He is sufficient unto himself, politically and socially.

Our Prime Minister has the unique gift for understanding humanity in all its varying forms of individualism. He can talk with ease and friendly openness to a hermit living in the backwoods who cannot read or write or to a member of nobility. He is a natural leader. I am one Canadian to whom Pierre Elliott Trudeau is Canada. He should go down in history as a contemporary man for all seasons.

MARJORIE JACQUES, LONDON, ONT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE SENT TO MAGAZINE'S HEADQUARTERS, Your Post, 402 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO ONT. CANADA M5W 1A7

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BACK HOME AND OVER THERE

The extraordinary wartime recollections of ordinary Canadians

A GOOD WAR: It browns me off that our kids don't know what war is, and they don't realize they are living today like they do, and their kids will live tomorrow like they will, because of what we did in the war. I don't matter if you were in Italy or France. Albert Sakashchuk.

It was a good war. I'm not talking about a good war from the viewpoint of high moral purpose. If going out and killing millions of Germans to get Hitler off his goddamned pedestal is a high moral purpose, then let it be for it.

But it was a good war for Canada, too, because it made us a great nation. I'm sure, hell, it started us what we could do. We just weren't a bunch of about ten million and Nova Scotia fishermen and fishermen in BC. We were a nation. A big, tough young nation.

And another thing. Listen to this. If you take the terror and the horror and the death and destruction out of it it was a good war. It was a party. I enjoyed myself. I'll never have so much fun again in my life. I mean it. Ask anybody. It was a good war.

MY BROTHER: When the word came, the telegram that my brother had been killed in action, my father read it to us because we were all in the kitchen at the time, and then he walked out of the house and my mother said to me, "You follow him." He went down to the river where there are these high banks, and he got up there all morning and afternoon looking across the river, and I sat about 100 feet behind him on a little hill and he never knew I was there. About five o'clock he got up and walked toward me, and when he got to me he was out of just word there, and then he held me close and he put a soft, you know, like a consoling into a sort of grin, and said that was it.

We walked back to the house and Mother could see us coming across the field and she had made tea and toast and honey, and we sat down and ate and said nothing and Dad went to bed.

A week later the master died and he asked my father if he wanted a memorial service. Some people had them. My father made this kind of a motion. His hand going across from side to side saying no, and my mother and I thought for nothing.

In that house until I went away when I was 17 to commercial college in Saskatoon, my brother's name was never mentioned. His air force graduation picture. Mom kept it on the mantle and that was all. It was as if history had never existed. Later, after my other brother Lloyd joined the army and went away. Mom took down Barry's picture and put it away in her room, and she put up instead one of these war pictures saying the picture which you can buy in souvenir shops in Britain.

After the war Mom came to visit me in Saskatoon after I got married. We were talking and she broke down and started to cry and she said, "Dad won't talk about him, he just won't say a thing, and I haven't the courage to take his picture out of the drawer and you know. Kinky. I can't even remember his face any more. I can't even remember him as a little boy, or playing hockey for the town or in his air force graduation."

Well, it's terrible, a mother's love!

I REMEMBER THE SONGS: Oh, my, yes, those years. I remember the songs. My, but there were some good songs then. There was seemed to bring out the very best in songwriters, you know. I don't know why. How often, how many times do I still hear myself sing my those songs. I can say, I remember the words. That part seems to have gone from me, but I'll be singing looking at doing the dishes or just sitting, and my head will just lift up, just come alive with songs. Those times, you know.

Oh, some of them. *The White Cliffs of Dover*. There it be little birds over the water (sings) *Doris*. That one. *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*. *Roll Over The Barrel*. That's a famous one. *Ferry Boat Bernado*. *Run And Cuck Cuck*. *We're Going To Hang Out The Washing On The Brighton Line*, although that one wasn't so hot. It seems to me there were hundreds.

Nothing on earth brings back those days better than the music. Not the movies or the radio. Jack Benny and Fred Allen. None of that. It was the songs.

ONE HELL OF AN OLD GUY: We were overseas in July. I think of '42, just a bunch of air force guys in a troopship loaded with army guys. Anyway, on the deck there were a few women and they had baskets and they were piling up apples, little bags of them, like hardback candy, razor blades, maybe an orange, say, all these kinds of things. They were just loads of the stuff. Hallelujah, and somebody said they weren't really supposed to be there, "nobody actually turned them away. They'd say, 'Good luck, soldier!' or 'Christie, amen!' and one old lady said to me, "Be nice and write your mother!" I always remembered that because, wasn't much of a letter writer.

Okay, it's five years later. November 1945. Another troopship. We came off the gangplank and there is an imbalance for some of the guys who need them, but mostly it's just us, former, maybe, but wait, and I'll be damned but if there isn't this same old lady and she says to me now, she says as she hands me an orange, she is the Hallelujah, she says, "Did you write your mother now?" I'm nearly dropped dead. I think, did she remember me? No, because I hear her say it to a guy about two weeks in the line.

And you know what that old lady must have been doing the job over in those months, sure I'll bet, putting out little grades on asking the guys if they would please write to their mothers. Oh, hell, of an old gal. Year after year. Somebody should have put on a medal on those old gals. Maybe somebody did.

THE WAR BRIDES: Oh, the war brides. Oh, yes, I remember them. They'd be loaded off the boats in Montreal and the Red Cross Corps would take them to Toronto and then pass them on to Winnipeg, those who were left, and then to Calgary or Edmonton where we'd meet them and bring them to Vancouver.

Some were terrified. They were a jolly bunch and laughing, as they'd been through a lot of adversity, rationing, bomb-bombs as they got closer to Vancouver, some would come up and me and say, "Do you think I'll know him?" and I'd say sure, you'll know him and don't say. But I don't know him for a week or two weeks.





and then he came home wounded and that's the last I've seen of him. Do you think he'll be in uniform so I'll know him? I'd hope so, or, yes, he probably wouldn't be in uniform, but he'd know her. They used to cheer them up. And, you know, there always was somebody to meet them and thank 'em and feed them something.

pumpkin, the bow-looking bowl of radish, things like that, and it was like the city was going back to the old-time farmers' fair.

The Saguenay Kingdom

Man enters the heart of old Quebec

BY HUGH MACLENNAN

On the north shore at the St. Lawrence estuary, on the upper tip of the great Saguenay fjord which winds dramatically into the high plateau at central Quebec, lies the most picturesque, historic, and still recognizable village in all North America. Nestling in a hillside town, the mouth of the Saguenay being just short of a mile wide, Tadoussac is the eye and heart of an enormous zone.

At this point the St. Lawrence has long ceased to be a true river. It is almost 30 miles wide and its waters are salt enough to accommodate the white whale known to the locals. The waters are so cold they can be dangerous for swimmers in midsummer, and so deep that a German submarine prowled in them during World War II.

Tadoussac has stood here for more than three centuries. On May 24, 1600, the year Queen Elizabeth died and Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth*, Jean Vostier, Henri IV still on the throne at France, Champlain embarked in Tadoussac Bay on his first voyage up the St. Lawrence. From that point the end of the sailing ship era, ships of war and ships of commerce sailed regularly at Tadoussac to take on fresh water or mends or war for a far word to blow their upstream.

No part of Canada embraces such a diverse concentration of the paradoxes on all which this country grew and with which she must live. The Saguenay, like all the aspects of a hard, volcanic land with an average of only 100 frost-free days a year, yet Tadoussac is nearly 700 miles south of London. Sharp contrasts are everywhere. Turned down, closer to the St. Lawrence, the retreating glacier has left more debris in the form of granite and mangled rocks, but higher up above Châteauguay and Amqui and around the shores of Lac St. Jean, most of the farmland is rich and arable.

Paradox is also visible in the social and economic structure of the Saguenay. For this land at Maria Châteauguay is so rich and old Quebec that it is sometimes called the conscience of French Canada, yet it is utterly dependent on

Anglophone and American industry. And the Saguenay, an expanse of pulp mills and aluminum smelters. Contrasts are visible in the same 11 rapids and cataracts and the valleys of deep waters, poured by dams, the tributary streams that sink at this and be born in silent caves, more drink in streams, rather something distant, of the pulp mills, and beyond seem up past the barriers, deep in the hills. But Tadoussac, with Whistman noted about a century ago, this is a land of echoes — of resonances that finally, multiplicate themselves, merging with one another to create a sound different from the origin of the note. Like Canada herself.

The Saguenay is not a tributary of the St. Lawrence, but a system in its own right draining some 30,000 square miles of the central Quebec plateau in principal waters. Lac St. Jean, Newagen is the spectacular part of the Saguenay, a river, but as a tributary, a fjord, as can be found outside of Norway.

It is one of these changes of a lifetime, a physical infirmity combined with perfect weather to permit me with a single instantaneous panorama of the entire Saguenay fjord from its beginning to its end. The infirmity was the distance vision of middle age which forced me a few years ago to give up town business. I turned my eyes into telescopes that blur objects at close range but enable me to see miles farther than I could when my eyes were normal. On a cloudless, brilliantly clear August afternoon, the plane was lower down the central channel of the St. Lawrence at 59,000 feet. Looking out a window I suddenly saw it — the entire Saguenay fjord, cutting straight westerly into the plateau, all at it caught in a single main-frame from Tadoussac to where docked at Port Alfred and merged in the St. Lawrence.

From this altitude, in this light, the plateau looked more barren than Labrador. There are hardly any glacial ponds between the St. Lawrence and Lac St. Jean and the land has been more carefully tamed by the ice sheet. There was hardly any sign of habitation — just the

wonderful fjord and the thin white line of Saguenay that leads through forests, wide park from Quebec City. For two considerable minutes I gazed at about 70 miles of that water line that leads to the very gates of the Saguenay kingdom. Then the wall of the fjord interrupted itself between the water and my line of vision and the spectacle vanished from my eyes. It will never vanish from my mind.

Of all glacial features, fjords are the most stimulating to the imagination because they combine in dramatic juxtaposition the opposites of great height and great depth and the sense of mysterious intimacy evoked often in their summits. Usually, they are carved in the basic rock structure of tablelands facing the sea, and often their walls are sheer cliffs, which the retreating sea has gouged and polished. Relieved of the weight of the ice sheet, the land has tilted in some places for thousands of feet, but the cracks have remained as deep as they ever were, and into them the glacier scours have passed to drain what otherwise would have been sharp, narrow valleys. In some cases, the ice of the very sea find in the Redoubt fjord, and to be relatively shallow, and their mouths but further inland their depths can be enormous. A stretch of the great Saguenay fjord just north of Baie St. Lawrence is 4,000 feet deep. At Tadoussac the Saguenay is of variable depth, not much more than 50 feet near the village, but close to 100 feet and the other side of the mouth. Near Cape Eternité the depth is around 900 feet.

Lost in the haze of this mighty fjord is the fresh water that has drained out of the upper Saguenay, Lac St. Jean and its tributaries, and the separate streams which has passed through the turbines of the hydroelectric dams.

For years, white excursion steamers from Montreal and Quebec used to ply the Saguenay up to Châteauguay and back, but lately the only passenger ship to invade the Saguenay is its university school, the *Université de la Saguenay*. Hundreds of thousands of tourists, for more than a century, have



Ha Ha Bay, which got its peculiar name from early voyageurs, is one of the grandest, most majestic sights in all Canada



established at Trinity and Emory, sometimes showing at sunset to sit the whorl empty, while the sterner birds whistle. And while they heard the others redoubting themselves, looking up to a ledge high on Cape Trinity, they arrived at the statue in the Virgin Notre Dame du Saguenay — which was carved in wood by Louis Joubert in 1880. It took a work crew forty weeks to build a roadway to hoist the 30-foot statue to its final perch on the promontory, and they had to haul it in seasons and miserable rain on the ledge.

The season of the upper Saguenay is a smaller and more temperate version of the Labrador plateau. There is a similar pattern of glacial debris but there are fewer lakes and, with the exception of Lac St-Jean, they are smaller than Labrador's. Nor does any single river trace the power and volume of Labrador's Hamilton.

Central to the entire system is Lac St-Jean, of sun-dotted beauty and exceptional regularity of contour, 400 square miles in area and 30 miles across. Legend has it that this bowl-shaped lake was created by the fall of a giant meteor, but the truth is even more remarkable.

Lac St-Jean and its surrounding lowlands are relics of the Champlain Sea, which once flooded the whole area. When the waters drained from the land they left this hollow that accumulated and had fortified by the minute organisms that had lived in the waters.

Lac St-Jean collects the main tributary waters of the Saguenay System: some 40 brooks and rivers, which come ending in from all sides, meeting and swirling like the branches in an octopus. It releases an overflow into the estuary at Alma known as *La Grande Décharge* whence the waters flow with violence down the channel of the Saguenay proper to descend at Shipshaw. The more important tributary is a third larger than the English River. This is the Peribonka, which flows for 300 miles out of the northern wilderness until it comes home into the lake. Not far from the Peribonka, but flowing in a descending channel out of the northwest, is the 200-mile-long Mistouine. From the north, Lac St-Jean receives the Muskegcheon and the beautiful Ouananiche. The Shipshaw is on its own. When its waters have gained through the great dam-opposed Armée, they meet the Laprue, which reaches the lake from the north-east, the Chocomaun River, properly speaking, a member of the Saguenay system, because it plunges directly into the fjord just above the bay.

Through the Saguenay is a modest river system, at the apex of opening hydroelectric engineers, earlier in the 20th century it pioneered much. It had the advantage of being easily reached both by water and rail, to say nothing of a large resident labor force when the population had become too large to be supported by the farms. As the engineers saw this country, the upper Saguenay formed a giant stairway which began at upstream reservoirs 1,400 feet above sea level, with a final plunging drop of 120 feet in the great Saguenay channel between Lac St-Jean and the water.

American visitors of the highest magnitude including J. B. Duke and Arthur Vining Davis (whose name was transferred from the name of the city of St-Jean — Arthur Vining Davis) visited the region. Though Duke had made his fortune out of tobacco, his nose told him that the coming industry was aluminum. So the financial upstarts were opened and with the blessings of the Quebec government, the development of the Saguenay began.

There can be few places on our planet where the masters of technological ingenuity have so thoroughly put flowing water to work for them. The principal tributary, the Peribonka, is developed at three different sites before it finally reaches Lac St-Jean: the three powerhouses producing a combined total of 1,650,000 kilowatts. At Alma, where the lake waters through *La Grande Décharge* into the main Saguenay stream, the big Malgoué dam is worth 402,000 kw. A short distance farther down, the Saguenay itself is dammed at Châteaueau for 240,000 more kilowatts, and finally there is the famous dam on the upstream Shipshaw River — a beam fall thing, actually — which generates 896,500 kw for the use of Anicou and the ex-coasting smelter on the opposite side of the river. About Shipshaw, the energy of the flow of every cubic foot of water is harnessed for separate uses.

We were sitting in the library of La Société Historique du Saguenay, and Monseigneur Victor Tremblay, the director of the society, was explaining something that had always puzzled me. It was the origin of the peculiar place name "Ha Ha Bay," which means is a certain "Ha."

It is a majestic height of deep water framed by high cliffs, cutting off at a sharp angle in Sagouville and Port Alfred is you sail up the fjord. It is one of the grandest sights in all of Canada and tradition has it that it was called Ha Ha.

But in the first sightings who naturally turned into it, it was their eyes opened and possibly laughed at themselves when they discovered that, had paddled several miles into a *cul-de-sac*. Only a dedicated researcher could have come up with an explanation like this. Whatever else Ha Ha might mean, it knows at least that this explanation of Ha Ha Bay was incredible.

"The word," said Monseigneur, "has nothing to do with laughter. It means 'surprise' — but also the kind of surprise which prompts many men to drink to it. In the proper sense of the word, it was a 'Ha ha' for me when this learned scholar explained that the word was not Indian, never had been Indian but was pure old French. He had traced a book through many centuries to the city of Ha Ha. Of Ha Ha, they say, Monseigneur Tremblay believes should be written in French as *La Rose des Vents*. He writes that for those who first entered the Saguenay, 'it was a surprise which delighted them, a perfect and magnificent sight of a character that could excite anybody.'"

Lakeview for travelers descending from the higher country about. "Whether by the route leading from Lake Kenogami and Lac Seul, or the beginning from Chocomaun, paths frequented in the days of the missionaries and far older, just as by men of today, they often a sudden and large opening. This is a 'ha ha' on the very face of the world."

Which was true in fact. Monseigneur Tremblay, knowing we were going to Lac St-Jean the next morning, knowing also that I had only seen it previously from the air, said, "Give them a few hours will be waiting for you."

How right he was! For anyone traveling north from Anicou, the first land must be the wonderful farmland, so unexpected in that country, all fields and orchards, standing for miles on either side of the highway and bounded by the mountains which 10,000 years ago were the shores of the Champlain Sea. It was a brilliant day, the sun making purple shadows on the mountains and the trees seem golden. We drove on and on before the moment came. The way reached the top of a gentle roll in the farmland and there — so sudden it was incredible only a few hundred yards away — was Lac Ha Ha, clear as the sky and calm, its shore at the end of the fjord on a day-winter to this. Lac St-Jean seemed like an ocean itself, but at this point it extends out of sight across the horizon.

My wife told me later that I let out a sudden gasp and said it — "Ha ha!"

Politicizing Pierre

How Trudeau joined the Liberal Party after six years as leader

BY CHRISTINA NEWMAN

SOME time in the winter of 1973 in that bleak interval when the federal Liberals were coming to terms with the shock of their near defeat in the previous summer's election, a delegation of party members from Toronto flew to Ottawa to have dinner at 24 Sussex and to talk politics with Pierre Trudeau.

There were a dozen or so in the group, men and women in their thirties and forties, veteran Liberals most of them and longtime companions in the political work. They'd come to the capital determined to press their views for reconquering the party's fortunes at the dinner which had been arranged by one of their number, John Roberts, a once and future Member of Parliament then serving as policy adviser to the PM's office.

When the pleasantries were over and the hard talk began, the Toronto group summed up what had gone wrong with the campaign just past: no peace, no gain, no rights and no dignity (that they'd used their fingers to the bone and their brains to the nub in the campaign to come [from peace: let'sa gun, let'sa fight] if the leader saw fit to use their talents and head their advice. After a few minutes of this rhetoric, the Prime Minister regarded the assembled company with the steady gaze that indicates to his intimates that the great brain is clicking, thinking and not something like, "Look, I don't understand what monkeys you guys. What's in it for you anyway?"

Remembering that moment many months and many meetings later, one of the men who was there said, "At first I felt angry and I wanted to yell, 'Listen here, I want a Liberal, a real Liberal, when you were still facing second in Montreal and standing Mr. Pearson like a statue in the pages of *Care Label*'." But I put the anger down — we'd presented ourselves that we weren't there to win debating points — and the reason that I thought was, 'My God, he's been our leader for five years and he still doesn't know what the party is all about!'"

In the year and a half that followed



— and culminated in the Liberal majority of July 8 — the leader found out what the party was all about and learned if not to lose it (he is not in his public persona anyway a losing man) at least to admire its dynamism and to reject his talents to its detriment. And the rest of us learned, once again, how wonderfully adaptable Canadian Liberalism is, its ideology as malleable as Silly Putty, a party whose history is the history of modern Canada, whose adherents have the taste of winning, whose style is the style of success.

Think of it. For 53 of the last 59 years, the Liberals have been the government of this country. They've won 30 of the 13 elections since 1935. They've survived bad times and boom times, a war, a constitutional crisis, a Conservative government that looked unbeatable yet handily defeated itself in six brief years, an unprecedented corruption scandal, recessions and inflation, rising unemployment, the fallout of our natural resources and the public mood.

Is there a threat from the left? Is the CCF on the march? The Liberals have Wilfrid King with Industry And Humanity on his mind and a little bit of social welfare up his sleeve and the threat is headed off. Is there a move to the right in response to dark fears inflated by the Cold War? The Liberals have Louis St. Laurent, a corporation lawyer, and a cabinet that looks and acts like a corporation's board. Are there rumblings of independence in Quebec? The Liberals have Mike Pearson, the country's peacetime diplomat, and he negotiates the leaders of French Canada right into the centre of the field and then makes way for Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the most diplomatically bilingual and bicultural of them all, and the rumblings recede.

In fact, if you wanted to be cynical about it (and the party has its share of close cynics) you might fancy that the Liberal Party functions as an organism with a life of its own — an organism that senses power is a contrivance and, decided to no case by the results of 1972, moved itself to ensure its basic doctrine (compromise and conquest) and swept the Prime Minister along to victory in 1974 almost against all reason with the cries of "You don't have to like me, just elect me!" waving its wile.

No Liberal will say anything like this publicly, of course (No Liberal wants to die by the sword on the sharp edge of the Prime Minister's pride.) But, when I went from party worker to party worker in the weeks following the victory in July 1974, like some plump child, "How'd you do it anyway? Tell me, do," the answer ranged all over the particulars from the disastrous income-and-growth control policy of the Tories to the energetic spirit of the campaign workers to the participation of the Prime Minister's wife in the new fighting spirit of the Man himself, to the efficacy of the ad campaign, the business of the train campaign and the brilliance of the policy pronouncements. But they always came back to a general statement that with variations, went something



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In 1968, Trudeau disdained the professionals but won anyway.
 "It wasn't an election," said one Liberal. "It was a coronation."

for this. "Well, to understand the victory of '68, you have to know how the party works. You have to understand what happened in '72, well, actually what went on in '68, well, so let's go back to the early Sixties." (Time just actually worked its way backward and forward from 1973 but I tell him talking loosely about King and Byng and consanguinity and went out for a breath of air.)

Probably you do have to begin with the early Sixties to comprehend the internal forces that were at play in molding Trudeau into the current winning form. Certainly most of the members of the now famous Toronto group — who later became the people on whose backs the '74 campaign was mounted — date their active participation in politics to that period. These people — Keith Doxey, James Counsell, Tony Abbott, John Roberts, Bob Kaplan, Jerry Graham, Gordon Dryden, Ross Uppier, Martin O'Connell, Dorothy Peters formed the group's core with other Liberals joining the loose knot — have been called the Old Guard. But that's not the way they think of themselves and, to be accurate, not the way they are. Having in the back ground a far Older Guard, Jack Pickersly, Seymour John Cowles, Stewart Paul Martin, even who are still breathing if not in at least well on.

The Toronto group is really a kind of Centre Guard made up of "progressive" Liberals in the Sixties, just were dislodged in the left wing of the Liberal Party, but the term was always contradictory and a new sort of fashion. Not all of them were born and educated in Toronto but they have the Toronto mindset. That is, they're already recognizable as members of the openly mobile forward marching, Anglophone-Canadian middle class who give that city its predominant tone. They could be called Walter Gordon Liberals if you wanted to put some kind of specific label on them, since Gordon was in the ascendancy in the party when they first believed in it as a vehicle for change, although, except for Dorey and Coutts, most of them don't mind Walter Gordon too well. To the rest, the name equates a man with an inimitable mien and the habits of another class — a man with money and certain conservative ideas based on principles rather than pragmatism.

It is also clear, whatever they're called, the group came into politics when it was not on itself to be decried as a professional politician and they've almost all reached their way up the party structure



from volunteer work in the mid-60s. As children of their time, they were easy for the Kennedy brothers and being, perhaps, the last generation of politicians to be called Americans. Most of them are solid middle-class men, but they still love the Kennedy style, primarily for its competence and the flowy loyalties it breeds. But Counsell effectively after the election in July that he believed in Bob Kennedy's statement that you couldn't vote fully until a man had been through a campaign with him, and for all of them elections are periods when friendships are cemented and capabilities stretched. Most of them fought all the campaigns of the Sixties, including the leadership race though only one or two of them were first-choice Trudeau supporters. And they're hung in together through some good and some less good, finding their common ground in old memories ("Remember the sailing boat?" Remember Ilford? Oh Lord! It was beyond belief!") and on shared pleasure in each other's insights as new careers (When Dorey was chairman of the Senate's media committee, Counsell was cheering him on, when Counsell came back from Harvard with an MBA and formed a management consulting business, Dorey was full of admiration, when Roberts needed money to pay off debts left over from running in the riding of York-Simcoe, Counsell and Dorey helped to stage a fundraising dinner for him and so on and so on.)

While they weren't strictly a group in '68, they were certainly among the large body of Liberals Trudeau surrounded as "professionals" when he won after the party leadership, saying he himself would use organizers who were "not amateur and (3) demand good ones." His own experience of Liberalism was entirely different from the group's. His opinion of politicians was based on his experience with Duplessis' Quebec and, as late as 1963, he was attacking federal Liberalism as a kind of "hard" interest" and as people "who make an assumption because they have seen the rugged face of power." He didn't become a party man through working at the riding level, the very idea of PCT as a political captain it enough to cost your badge. He turned Liberal only when he decided in 1965 to run for parliament in the company of his friends Jean Marchand and Gerald Poffner, with the expressed purpose of making their beliefs in the values of federalism for French Canada.

The people Trudeau is used to the advice once he got to Ottawa, city like Marc Lalonde, who later served as his principal secretary, and Michael Pitfield, who afterward was deputy secretary of his cabinet, were never crones who talked politics but heavy thinkers who talked political science or more specifically the science of government. They regarded government as a serious calling and had gone into it, the very people said to go into the church as the only way with an acute sense of responsibility and of mission. It never occurred to them that politicians could be fun, they were not to dismiss the ordinary problems and so in some solutions to them. To learn their craft was like listening to a brilliant exchange among scholars in the common room of a great university. Trudeau was comfortable with them because for him, politics was a matter of dialectic — not an obscurity, not a point of identification, not an entertainment but an intellectual exercise.

Trudeau succeeded in keeping over the party structure to gain the leadership in 1968, and for his first four years as Prime Minister he had little need to call on professional Liberals except for form sake. "The PM got away with this in '68" and a member of the Toronto group later, "because of the reaction the public had to his personality in that campaign. He didn't need to fight an election then because it wasn't an election; it was a coronation. In '72, he needed to fight but nothing in his core

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After the election in 1972, Trudeau began to brood on what had gone wrong



Trudeau had taught him to brood, it and the campaign was a tactical disaster. Party workers at every level were dispersed by his clatter in them and functioned in low gear. When it was over people half-expected him to take his beautiful wife and disappear into the BC rain forest without a backward glance. But it didn't happen.

What did happen was that Trudeau began to brood on a list had gone wrong and when the brooding was over, to seek advice from voters in his first week after years. One of the first things he did was to get in touch with Ed Rube, a young lawyer who'd been his student at the University of Montreal, his executive assistant in the Justice Department and one of the most ardent and practical of the people who'd helped him win the leadership. After Trudeau became PM, Rube—who is a warm and open man—felt alienated by the closed atmosphere in the PMO and left within a few months to practice law. One in a hundred and that in Wang Kang, whom he established his firm's office. He had no intention to return to Ottawa ever but Trudeau determined to get him back, called him several times and Rube finally promised to act as policy adviser for a year. Trudeau also began to analyze the '72 results, noting his riding to see if an intense study would reveal to him what had gone wrong.

In the meantime, the Toronto group was meeting. Within three days of the October election in 1972, they were exchanging a series of telephone calls that

usually opened with "Listen, I'm worried about the party. Something has to be done." Within two weeks the group was holding regular evening meetings in Jerry Gushion's law office on Richmond Street West. This decade there were three priorities: (1) to devise the first outline of a winning plan for the next campaign, (2) to get Senator Keith Davey named chairman of the National Campaign Committee, and (3) to convince Trudeau that he needed the group. Obviously the implementation of (1) and (2) depended on (3). But (3) was a tough one partly because of Trudeau's old aversion to "professionalism" and partly because of Davey's record.

Davey is central to the Toronto group in the same way one kid is always central to the most popular and crowded crowd in a high school: he has a personality that makes people feel part of something special, that triggers an immense and protective affection. He's a talker, an appreciator of one-liner jokes and big-time hockey, a kind, responsive man and a Liberal at a passion that his politics go beyond reason and appeal to faith. But he had been dragging with him for nearly a decade a reputation gained when, as National Organizer in the Sixties, he had run three campaigns for Lester Pearson and had never won a majority. (It's part of the Liberal myth, says that you don't ever blame the leader, the leader is beyond reproach.) So Pearson wasn't faithful for \$2 and \$3 and \$5, it was Davey's faith or Walter Gordon's faith, they gave him the wrong advice, they "let him down." The same attitude worked for Trudeau: the people around him were spoken of as having "isolated him from the political process," as though he were some passive object without free will. It is a curious practice but like so many Liberal attitudes it works: imagine how Trudeau would have been treated after the debacle of '72 if his numerous detractors earlier had caused him to finish up as a Tory instead of a Lib.

Despite Davey's "unique problems" (this is a Davey phrase; his friends were determined to reanimate him and they lobbied every influential Liberal they knew — cabinet ministers, senior Liberal MPs, organizers in the Atlantic and Western Provinces — and urged them to write or speak to Trudeau on Davey's behalf. Even at that, it took several weeks and several exchanges with Davey before Trudeau made up his mind to appoint him. In April 1973, when he had decided, he phoned him

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In 1974, Davey convinced Trudeau that the public likes a politician and that he should project an image of pugnacity

Come and meet, simply. No this, a whole man and I adore it all his heart."

What happened after Davey's appointment, both before and during the election, is not so simply described. You certainly can't say with accuracy that the Toronto group took hold of Trudeau and manipulated him to victory, or that Trudeau took over the group and bent it to his needs. Instead they teamed his ticks and he learned theirs.

Davey convinced Trudeau that the public's perception to be a politician and that he should go forth projecting a double image of courtesy (forget me friends, for I have soared in my arms) and pugnacity (that I'm the best man for the job—I can lick any Tory in the House). Trudeau convinced Davey that sincerity is a virtue and Davey rearranged his animal metaphors to talk to one and of and open the proud scepterously leading the scene of a lapel button he wanted made, his wallet which read: STUFF YOURSELF.

It was in through the party structure, as personified by Davey and company, and the leader as incarnated in Trudeau, were molded into an efficient engine that began moving some 100,000 ordinary like a giant thinking machine bringing the road on the way to harvest.

Long before the men were named some of the party's oldest, lowliest principles were brought into play. Patience, grace, and/or anger were given to shrewd effect, just as it has been used for decades by Gens on the "Them what has gets and gets. Perpetual Defeated candidates were granted jobs in the party office, or in government departments to the party's members could use that "no always bring our own." Tired-out engineers were named to the Senate or to government boards so they could be replaced with younger and fresher perspective Senators.

Labels were assigned and campaign jobs were roughly ordered and assigned in secret. The Liberals had a large pool of workers to draw on larger than either the Tories or the NDP could hope to measure. "The sad thing is," says Grant O'Leary, the Conservative Senator, "that power attracts power. People are drawn to it like magnets and so many of the able young in each generation turn to the Liberal Party because that's where their ideas can be sure of work effort."

In choosing candidates and officials the Liberals made sure they were getting not just the able but the able available. Davey named Dorothy Fenech, a highly intelligent and very popular woman



with an intimate knowledge of Quebec politics, to be the campaign chairman in that province, which was assessed as, and proved to be, the place where a majority could be forged. He got Combs who is only 36 but has been working for the party since 1935 to promote he'd drop everything and go on the campaign trail as the Prime Minister's day-to-day political liaison man; he assigned Graham, a communications lawyer and a former aide to John Turner, to put together an advertising team that would be flexible enough to take action at a day's notice. He got an old friend, Jerry Goonda, the shrewdest ad man in Canada, to agree to make the first time television films, which were produced by John Kimmy, who had produced David Asprey, he encouraged Roberts, O'Connell and Abbott in their decision to stand as candidates; he called on old loyalties across the country, drawing on the energies of such pros as Old McGill at Manitoba, Ray Perrault and Keith Mitchell in British Columbia, Al Graham in Nova Scotia and Earl Hastings in Alberta. And he left Quebec alone as successful English-speaking Liberal politicians have done for generations.

The Quebec machine was under the control of Jean Marchand, co-chairman for French Canada and all he took from the national, *no English* campaign, was the Liberal logo. All he pledged was that he'd deliver between 50 and 60 seats, a promise as sure as God makes maple syrup in the Eastern Townships in April. "Liberal strength is Québec," says

O'Leary wryly. "In that in no small measure to the fact that we lumped Louis Bûlé." The Liberals put it less wryly: they say they've always suspected the French fact and always gained from their respect.

Beyond their normal politeness and machinations, the Liberals were typed in the '74 campaign by their fear of losing. They may tremble, as the younger Trudeau had said, at the sight of the roared face of power, but they tremble even harder at the thought of losing and need the right to continue as charmers. That fear kept up their loyalty and inspired their energies from the afternoon the election was called to the evening it was won.

There was not a hint of utterance surface. Individual ambitions were subordinated to the common cause and Liberals who didn't agree with Liberal policy were recruited. Charles Templeton, a one-time candidate for Ontario for federal leadership, was a case in point. When he publicly expressed disillusionment was mentioned to them Liberal answered, "He didn't rock with God (Templeton said) to be an evangelist so why would he rock with us?"

More important than the lack of discussion was the widespread willingness to put out for the party. John Turner, who had a fight on his hands in his own riding and who, as front runner for the leadership next time, was to give up a Liberal defeat, refused all comparisons and started himself to campaign in 40 ridings besides his own. Royce Macasey, who quit the cabinet in the last fall of '72, was prevailed upon to come back and travelled the country in "a friend of labor," sleeping nights where the NDP seemed vulnerable and his particular brand of Macasey and hard-worked sympathy with union workers could be effectively deployed to win votes for the Liberals.

In the days and weeks after the election, when the Gens were public and the Tories and NDPers in dispute, parts of all parties were busy reeling from the national, *no English* campaign. Some said it was an alibi for power, some said a vehicle for progress, some said a member that stabilizes the political middle, some said a tool of the Central Canadian vote. But the most telling comment was from a member of the Toronto group: "Being a Liberal is like belonging to a volunteer fire brigade in a Prairie town," he said. "When the alarm bell rings you run like hell to the fire but The house you live in has been built."

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CANADIAN DISTILLERS LIMITED

Kind of a Loner

"The closer I get to a game the less I want to be around people" — Ron Lancaster

BY JACK LUDWIG

I (49) in Regina, too hot for Ron Lancaster and his wife, Beverly, in an around their small swimming pool. Inside their house a fan glances, not football) tries to stir the hot dry Prairie air. It's a slow one, the end of Canadian Football League exhibition play, the beginning of the CFL's 1974 season. Ron slumps down to a cheerfield, his cheeks in an easy chair. Ron looks up.

"You ever seen anything uglier than that cheerleader?" she asks.

"Yes," says Ron. "That is really ugly."

"I hate it," he says.

"Not anymore than me," says Ron.

"I've hated it from the day we moved into that place," says Ron. "I've seen some really beautiful cheerleaders. Since 1965 I've been planning to get rid of the cheerleaders."

"We've never changed it," explains Ron. "Because we never agreed on having in Regina this long."

He sits up, looks down at his socked feet, crossed legs — as if examining himself for signs.

"I never considered football too safe to play on staying in one place too long," Ron says. "It's a kind of love. I keep my legs packed. They could trade you in a minute. Recently isn't anything you're going to get in sports?"

The man speaking was no rookie, no third-stringer, no enemy of the system. He was a big-time player in a small city like Regina.

"Well, Regina's no big change for me," Lancaster says. "I've used to living in a smaller town."

He was born here and grew up in Claverton, Saskatchewan, about 30 miles outside of Pittsburgh — "a real small town."

That July afternoon, with the CFL's 12-player limit hanging over almost every player's head and the cut deadline less than 24 hours away, Ron Lancaster, one of the Roughriders' proudest stars at Luther College on the University of Saskatchewan's Regina campus in company with several men who knew this was, in a way, their last football supper. The usual jock jokes seemed to lack game. A

columnist in the *Regina Leader Post* had published a perfectly accurate list of Roughriders players on waivers which Lancaster, the player and the Saskatchewan coaching staff looked on the way.

Richard Nixon approached the publication of the similarity between the two papers. Further in the day I had stopped in at a drugstore near the Saskatchewan Roughriders' headquarters to get a notebook. The clerk, a woman in her forties, was alone in the store.

"I can't hardly hear to turn the radio on," she told another clerk. "I just have to hear about all those cuts."

At my hotel, where every guest had that wonderful kind of farm complexion — whole midrib-red cheeks, one-silky-white forehead — speculation kind on what Regina was going to do with five or six quarterbacks.

"How does it sound for you?" said one.

"He gets younger every year," said a woman.

"He isn't what you could call a scrumbler now," said another woman.

"He must really sink in the pocket and throw."

Football is Regina's shorthand.

"All there were in Saskatchewan Roughriders team," Lancaster told me.

"It wouldn't only have Regina, it would have the province. We don't have anything else."

But Regina, Saskatchewan's general manager, was even further. "Football," he said, "is the only sport that has Saskatchewan in with the rest of Canada."

Says shortly Regina as "the home of the Saskatchewan Roughriders." It's the only city in the CFL. All by itself it couldn't hope to support a franchise and stay cooperative with other CFL teams.

Now, in addition, the newly formed World Football League will try to snatch up draft picks and cuts left by the National Football League in the U.S.A.

To stay even marginally afloat in the Roughriders have had to make the support of Saskatchewan residents in the away in North Battleford, Prince Albert, and Weyburn. At least 5,000 fans from outside Regina attend the Roughriders

home games, somewhere between 100 and 300 out-of-Regina supporters pay \$100 in aimed an annual food-raising

had succeeded to help make up the Roughriders' annual deficit. All over the

Regina area people take part of their income to the Roughriders with no one would take in a church. I was told of a

poor couple, used to an annual "spings" in the U.S.A., who had, in a demonstration of support for the

Roughriders, converted their "spings" money into two season tickets to the

football games.

For identification is an amazing phenomenon all over North America. People scamp, save, sell miffo, budget

fruits, cook, bake, with cuts, sponsor houses, but, on besides it, more loans so that a hand can put on (if-filing mil-

lions) paraphernalia and not-a-step to the town of *Age Of Aquarius* in the

highest tradition of a business public. People sell out themselves in a local

high-school had one variable mysteriously through a dozen drumming Grey Cup

parade. Montreal almost bankrupted itself to get the Desjardins things — Expo, the Expo, the Olympics. Parents cut

down on food and clothing materials so a kid can get a pair of towel boots, a

spangly kama, a silver of sequins, and a sequenced-in link shoe.

Next, Laskin probably sound well

but our most dedicated casual fans by

borderwalking the WFL's Toronto

Northern out of Canada, but he might

check his ratings on the sports-out scale.

He will find himself vying with such

international talent as Barry Almonte

and Allen Eagleson for the number one

kiljoy niche. Kopping, Larry Corbin

and Phil Wertheil for the number one

dread of Big Time football stars for the

season and in addition, rolled the

sports out of the pleasure he would

derive from taking off the NFL's champ-

ionside Miami Dolphins.

National and international status is

more easily established by sports than

by educational institutions, business en-

trepreneurs or governmental achievement.

Time and again people in Regina told



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID J. LEE

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"At heart, I'm just a steel mill hunky"

the fact the "Roughriders were the winning team in the CFL over the past 30 years." a period that almost coincides with Ron Lancaster's tenure as number one quarterback.

Reggie is a tall, bowler, a cheap-shot target for eastern journalists and American city slickers. The steel mill job says Reggie is a working class 300 miles due north of center.

Making a life in Ron and Beverly Lancaster have discovered, means using Reggie as the only convenient means available to them at this price time. His mother's definition is as simple as an apple in Reggie's vision in Montreal, Yorkville, Moose Jaw, or Flin Flon. Some players have perhaps chosen Reggie if they may have had Reggie thrust on them by trades or circumstance.

"The kids love it here," says Beverly. "We don't mind the intensity of the winter. It's the length. Snow kept falling this winter. The backyard was full — over our heads."

"She's in a much better mood in winter," Ron says, smiling.

"It was snow in the house. It brought down," Bev says. "And Ron goes up teaching school, so I have him around."

"I was a prosaic," Ron admits.

"That and the thousand feet of snow," says Bev.

"It's just that I got bored," Ron says.

"And picky picky," Bev says.

"It's her seeing these reading books," says Ron. "To me it doesn't make sense."

The only thing I really enjoy is sports. I don't think I've read one single book straight through, except The Godfather, and that was only because every one on the team was talking about it. And oh yeah, George Allen's The Future Is Now.

I realized that I thought of winning a book myself, but I don't know what I'd write it on. My life is so boring. I hate anything you have to concentrate on — except football. I don't like to be the moves.

I guess I'm just a steel mill hunky, at heart like my father and my brother.

Maybe I could write about my big disappointment in life — not getting to play for the Pittsburgh Steelers. When I was a kid — and even now — I thought I would get to play baseball with the Pirates. Hall. The so dumb I even cheer for those lousy Penguins."

"When we go out," says Bev, "I want to dress up and do a few night clubs."

"My, it never was to leave the hotel room, as long as there's TV and lots of movies on lots of channels. When I'm through with football I want to live in only one place — Anacostia. You'd like 10 minutes from Hurricane. I don't even

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"I got nothing against football or management," said Lancaster. "All they got to do is pay me what I'm worth or trade me."

notice the steel town side of Hamilton. I was stoned breathing cool dust. You need it in your lungs. Makes you feel good."

"Oh sure," says Roy. "One buddies Len Chandler [a former CFL player] and Pat Madden [a restaurant] call on this past May and say 'Hey come on down to the banana belt.' We go, escape all this Regina snow, and what do we get? A fuck. My blood's frozen."

"I need to tell Ken Preston, 'Thanks me to Vancouver or pay out what I'm worth.'" Roy says. "But on the West Coast it's not all winter and if there's anything I could hate it's rain."

I asked Ken Preston how Lancaster's worth to the team translated into money. He responded with two fairly related statistics. First, the Roughriders have a higher salary scale than the average for all teams in the CFL. But second, given the average home-game attendance of around 20,000 and the limit of about \$725,000 for what the club calls "Player Costs" — Salaries, Bonuses and "Bonuses" — there's no "black-and-white" even on his bid for [Drew] Thompson, a [Johnny] Rodgers, or a [John] Manno. Applied to Ron Lancaster, Preston's explanation means that the club is upping Roy's salary also topped his "probationary" that is, Lancaster was expected to flourish in a kind of constant coach-head catch John Payne and Assistant Coach Don Powell both consider Roy a "good film man" who can analyze off-sides and take apart decisions as well as anybody coaching in the CFL. In the present time, Roy's leadership could link part in any personal decision the coaching staff must make. He does recruiting and scouting for the Roughriders in the states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and if the Roughriders are expanding his talent by underpaying him, Roy accepts his situation, though grudgingly, because every move he now makes adds to his experience and preparation for a full-time coaching spot over his playing days far over.

"There's another side to this salary thing," Roy told me. "I've always considered myself lucky to play at all. I'm a player just to get myself an education. Now I've got to hit the right place at the right time. In October [1984] Indians were established yet. Here, Frank Trippico was on his way out. They're used to say to me before every practice, 'don't quit.' If the coach wanted to put Frank in he'd say, 'I've only got three throws left at this team. You want me to get rid of them all at once?'"

"Look at him," Roy said in "No sweat

so reasonable. He'd come down after the practice meal and inevitably we'd have a fight."

"It's right," said Roy. "Since I'll go right to the locker room after the practice meal. The closer I get to a game the less I want to be around people. Some of the guys told Roy, 'Your husband isn't the nice guy you think he is.'"

"Where when did I think you were a nice guy?" Roy said.

"The guys said, 'Ron doesn't care who shape your body's in out there. He says you.' They're right. I don't play anything for my kids [Lana, 14, Ron, 11, Robyn] play anything I expect them to win. I'll see things during a game. I don't like mental mistakes. But I'm gonna tell you something. It wouldn't ever want to be anything, but it's a quarterback. But the coaches told me, 'You guys who can't run, tackle, kick, catch, block, go over there and be a quarterback.' With any size I'd hate to be trying to make it in a quarterback for the first time right now. That's what I'm going to be in the right place at the right time. Now they're looking for mind-set. Quarterbacks do it best and over me. I'm what I call 'under six feet.' I mean a good three inches under."

"Today," said Roy, "he doesn't look like a woman, but he's a woman."

"Sure," Roy said. "I still get worried about a ball game, but my worrying stops the instant I see what defense I'm up against — that's the fun. That's the game. Trying to beat a defense. Trying to solve the adjustments. To me it's all exciting. For the rest of it — the so-called freedom near down in the States — I'm against it. I go through and the good players will back to the referee, even which will end up having all the home. I don't see anything that wrong with the draft system. On the option system. If a guy wants to play out his option on his last year, I'll let that guy and get it over with. Hell, I'm in favor of blackouts. I'm no rebel. I got nothing against football or management. All they got to do is pay me what I'm worth or trade me the hell away."

Since the Macdon's press play was suspended after sports duty early in 1972, I've spent time with each widely different individuals in Derek Bonderson, Forge Jenkins, Ron Turcotte, Ken Dryden and the rest of Team Canada, Gordie Howe and his family, the top money-makers in the pro golf tour. Probably none of those people earn less than \$100,000 a year, and some make two or three times that much. Ron Lan-

caster's home could have been dropped in one small corner of Gordie Howe's in Hibernia. Ron's Regina swimming pool could have served as a wading pool for the boys' summer. The Howes were constructing on their goals.

"If I played in Toronto, or even in Vancouver," Roy said, "I could get endorsements and maybe make a little. But playing out of Regina. I'm no name on the big circuit. To be successful in Toronto you have to play for Toronto. So it's not only that they can pay bigger salaries and bonuses. They can guarantee a man all kinds of things that don't even exist out here."

Roy led me to his front door and showed me the kitchen window.

"You're not going to believe this," he said. "I'll be a couple of years ago somebody asked me what I was doing at said a word about providing me with a car. I don't know a guy in the other cities in my position who hasn't had a car to drive. You know who provided this car for me? A dealer from Winnipeg."

A player who had dropped up on the Lancasters' added his hand.

"Our doctor," he said, "there's a kind of grudging penny-punching attitude toward us. The ones in the automobile business must provide any of us with cars. But they get pissed off when a dealer from Winnipeg gets just a little bit generous."

"During Grey Cup I tried to get a car for Roy," Roy said. "These guys here wouldn't do it. Now whenever I go, all I do is call the guy in Winnipeg and there's a car waiting for me when I get off the plane. And they don't care how long I use it or how far I drive it."

Strategically, I suppose, it's a form of subtle edge. When a player's playing time is being so generously handed out, it's a form of subtle edge. When a player's playing time is being so generously handed out, it's a form of subtle edge. When a player's playing time is being so generously handed out, it's a form of subtle edge.

Before the last Roughrider exhibition game between the Toronto Argonauts and I went with Ron Lancaster and Tom Campman to the dressing room right after the practice meal. We weren't the first to arrive. Some of the injured players had already been in the whirlpool bath or had their hair cut and were wrapped in plastic bandage. The dressing room had a perfectly whiffing fan on one wall but the place was terribly



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Swimming in Arizona with the very rich

Minus, minus in the Garden of Arden, please don't let my ariettes harden

BY SONDRA GOTTLIEB

Beside the muddy Rhine I have dined on baked biscuits of kale buds, stuffed with green peppercorns and dripping sweet butter. In Montreal I drank from jugs of Muscat & Chaudron; midnight supper blurred in memory by the emerald bathes of voluptuous champagne. In Toronto I reached the extreme extreme of gastronomy, debauching myself with a quart of shabush ice cream, homemade with pure cream and frank pink anils.

But all sensuality ends someday past the pope. Cautious opera has last years' euphoric and lovely in an Austrian castle. Once Wale was arrested in a middle-class hotel for "consuming in-different sex." My own restriction was for tonight: several my window, verified my lips and weighed down my super-arms. In two years I put on 12 pounds. And if I try I will regain weight without pills or shame into new sensations like deep-throat massage, Bowen and Lomi-lomi glacial granite. I would have to lose 11 lbs. for I have always been incapable of self-discipline. Abstinence and austerity are words I shudder. The only way I would ever descend these 12 pounds would be in an all-out campaign, a quick and ruthless battle away from the familiar haunts of temptation: the restaurant, the kitchen, the dinner party. Others would have to turn the diet away far as I needed a life then.

Fat is fun, health is fun, slim and trim means, whatever, have always been popular in Europe. The diction of 30 weeks graying and two weeks starving is an integral part of the leisure hours of the bourgeoisie. In North America, where the common law prevails, the most famous fat form of all was the brain child of a Canadian born in Woodbridge, Ontario — Elizabeth Arden. She left Toronto in her late twenties, a militant failure after a series of mediocre successful jobs. But she had an intuition even talent for connecting face cream, and this she exploited and promoted in New York, where the grade-millions she later devised a scheme to attract rich and actually powerful

women who had put on unfathomable pounds, and in 1915 Elizabeth Arden opened the Phoenix, Arizona, house of Maine Chance. As a fat farm it's expensive — \$1,000 a week, groceries and attire not included — but it offered everything I needed. Chance taught me my occupational hazard, and I chose Maine Chance as my woman's companion.

Maine Chance is also known — but definitely not referred to — as a detoxification farm since no alcohol is served on the premises. Phoenix ladies go there for various reasons. Maine Chanceborns Beatrice Lilla, Alice Page and Joan Kennedy have all undergone Maine Chance's 900-calorie-a-day diet and endorsed the Arden way — knee flexing, hip rolls, stomach twists, even the basic movements for the belly dancer. But though diet and exercise are essential aspects of Maine Chance, it calls itself a beauty resort rather than a health spa. The brochures speak of pedicures and waxing, and involved in the prospectus was a reprint from *Harper's Bazaar*, which gushed about having the time to "play next year's fashion board, on graph paper, or dirt." They promised, drawing where things, beautiful in bed ("breathe your bed jacket") with fresh flowers on the tray — and only a grapefruit to eat. To a self-indulgent cosmopolitan like myself, it was irresistible.

Phoenix may be just a series of shopping malls cut across by night-line highways, but Maine Chance — only a few minutes away from Barry Goldwater's deteriorated store — is 105 acres of possible bourgeoisie vine and sweet-scented juniper tumble over the small pools, terraces, carefully landscaped between flat, rose beds, cypress gardens and cypress groves. Coolest down, came goldfish and colonial rabbits share the same air as the 30 or 40 women who have come to reduce and regenerate. There is even a massage and printing press for us out there. And so-called are further wasting the worst two inches to protect against the hot sun.

The service at Maine Chance must be a bit like sitting first class on the Queen

Mary as the 1930s, the ratio of staff to guests is more than two to one. Kindly women who introduce themselves with that *Jeepers* phrase "You're most," and glump up the three pillows on the bed (Any Byronic knows the three pillows are essential for breakfast in bed.) My room was large and pink — Mrs. Arden's favorite color — and the bed had a live coverlet while the bath mat and towels were fluffy with embossed roses. There were fresh flowers and five Arden products everywhere, said in instance who was Woodworth's wife-proved himself as the ultimate beauty and I needed to the most serene, refreshing and deodorizing cream like a preservative presented with his first rose of Chorus Royal. During my stay, I was constantly greeted, from bed to bath.

The first and most persistent bit of unpleasantness at Maine Chance was not the meanness of the food but an odd attempt at democracy — a lake bathing suit of jerseylike material lacking any sweet support or elegance. All the Maine Chance clients must wear this and call it — called "The Great Leveler" by the staff — at all times during the day. Everything on your body that hangs and flaps it goes live only if your stomach protrudes, it makes you look only a constellation away from the delivery room. If you have breasts, they appear around the waist, like unexpected tumors, and if you are not well-endowed, you appear like a question mark. Maine Chance's theory is that everyone looks better as no one much.

But this is hardly so. There were some women — unfortunately called "skinners" — who seemed to be in the final stage of training for the Miss Universe contest. They were young and slender, and the democratic suit only enhanced their sleekness. One of them, Mrs. Reikman, 61, is a beauty who was frequently photographed by the *Los Angeles Times* and *Los Angeles* magazine as one of Los Angeles' most beautiful women. An occasional model and the wife of a stockbroker, she was blond, tanned and like a young Grace Kelly. We finished dinner in the



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM LEE

The biggest health problem at Maine Chance is constipation, and we were all lectured about flushing out the system

children one day in the restaurant, looking up, through the 180-paned window. "But can't we have what a hunger I can get for chocolate almond clusters?"

The Skinneres were on the same 900-calorie a day diet and took all the same exercises in the 100-pounder and mid-dish-glass. And they created a terrible problem for the rest of us. We were supposed to fast up, two rows of those, in favor of a large mirror while we exercised. But instead of concentrating on our seven backs we were hypnotized by the contrast between our writhing thighs and the supple limbs of the Skinneres. No one wanted the exercise row next to one so around each berry there was always a companion's vacuum.

Not all the Skinneres were young. Three beamed down for 25 but their faces showed 40. Maine Chance doesn't do face-lifts. A few of the Skinneres had arrived from Mexico where they had been singing along with their husbands in attend a Young President's meeting (The Young President's is a club of inter-continental businessmen who meet in Peru, Rome or Acapulco, any nice place, to discuss what problems in inflation and other important subjects.) Mrs. K., a Young President's wife — very slender — was sitting at Maine Chance for two weeks. She wanted to take off the unbecomingly loose pants she had put on when her last orgasm at the far left. When I responded, advertising over her per-minute Chance figure she said she had her nose. When she's not touching with her husband she goes at least one afternoon a week to Elizabeth Arden in

New York for exercises and beauty treatments. And every morning at her house, where she exercises in front of her husband's voice announcing each new exercise and counting out the motions in time to a metronome. It had taken the long Young President's many hours to tape the 40-minute session, using a Maine Chance exercise sheet as a guide. She raked her eyebrows up her head. "With all that padding around your waist, you ought to get your husband to do the same thing."

It was so rude a comment for a woman to get named before coming to Maine Chance. Don't arrive slim white, as I said. Not only is it unattractive to the rest of the company it let about your financial status. Many of them use the fat from a visit and recovery lecture between dining at Aspen and winning in Acapulco. To them, Maine Chance is just a substitute for a week in the Caribbean. It is a place of good vacation habits. I was immediately comforted as a working girl who flew her single thousand on losing weight instead of going on a Sun and Fun package tour to the Bahamas and I lost status again simply because it was my first time at Maine Chance. Even though you may be considered and chubby, you gain considerable points if you can yell at your old pal the manager lady. "Get myself all builded up on the sofa, Miss Lora. You'd better stop this back, you shapely." You can smother someone's white gloves with her perfume and look after the welfare of the guests around each of us about possible discomfort. We learned. Contaminant diseases weigh in so we were all concerned about flushing out the system.

Despite the 100-calorie diet and despite also the two-and-one-half hours of exercise a day, clearing is possible. No one is forced to do anything, and if you want to stress in certain parts (gym just like a girls school) or a bottle of whiskey, Phoenix, or only a live-in maid drive away. Shopping comes to 1. Magnets and Saks were more popular. Although I had no desire to drink food or drink — two worried about losing 31.000 worth of fat — the few same women had a bottle or two hidden under the bed especially those who spent every evening in their rooms, never appearing in the dining room with the others. The night certainly got rather tedious at Maine Chance every for a week, and I suppose home helps you forget that your husband would rather pay for three weeks at Maine Chance than put up with your company at home.

Helpless," but no one ever brought about an all-night coming line at the low-high school.

The robbery was immediately evident upon my arrival. I drove to Maine Chance (they pick us up at the airport) with Mrs. X who comes twice a year for three week stays. She was tall and slim, in her late forties and a bit odd. When she pointed out her factory in Phoenix and said that coming to Maine Chance was like coming home, I told her I was far from home, back in Ottawa. "We have a factory there, too," she said.

Some of the other old girls at Maine Chance were not exactly willing advertisements for a beauty and diet spa. (I use the term "old girl" advisedly, because Maine Chance reminded me of an exclusive girls' school — the new girls, and the various loyal old girls and the retired patients, the Skinneres.) A few of the women at Maine Chance were actually overweight, but a good many decided more than a little reduction of weight. Mae Jean Elmley, the director — perhaps I should say headmistress — of Maine Chance, said she and the women who come now weigh like in comparison with clients of 25 years ago. Those ladies, she said nonchalantly, were the real scale breakers.

The biggest health problem at Maine Chance is constipation. The nurse is well supplied with laxatives and Mrs. Jay, a slim, grey-haired woman who for some reason wears white gloves with her perfume and looks after the welfare of the guests around each of us about possible discomfort. We learned. Contaminant diseases weigh in so we were all concerned about flushing out the system.

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For me, the evenings were the worst

When in doubt, you could wear Pucci

line. Before dinner the women gathered in the main lodge for "cocktails" — watermelon and pineapple juice and about similar short-skirted, and nearly all the women put on a different long dress with all the fittings, each night. As we spread juice that looked like the bottom of a swamp, we eyed and we compared. It took considerable courage for me to appear there again wearing in my brown calico, pruned with white stripes.

elephants. One lady asked me, curiously, if I was a Republican. I am not a strong-minded person and believe neither in the motto, "When in Rome do as the Romans do." If I were researching a story about a commune and needed a dozen, my blue jeans would have to be the attire, the most faded. At Maine Chance I pinned for silk chignon that could flutter and float in the fumes of the second Skinneres. And I hoped for at least one Pucci dress with its distinctive geometric patterns of color, its pattern immediately recognizable to those who are accustomed to spending \$300 plus on a "little dress." Mrs. Z. did not think to learn, said me that she always has two in her wardrobe. "When in doubt, I wear Pucci. It goes everywhere."

At dinner, we would shuffle around, trying to find someone congenial to sit with, without being obviously school-girlish. But by the third night we had unconsciously sorted ourselves in three categories: the Skinneres, old girls and new girls. The Skinneres sat together from the start. We females were mortified when they'd leave half of their lunch, and even their conversation was narrow, limited gossip. Mrs. B.B. is beautiful, lithe queen. "Your legs are really smaller than mine, around the thighs." Bravest, heavy queen to B.B. "Oh, no. Mine are mountainous compared to yours." Despite our polite presence they were conversed only new looks and the landscape.

The second category were the old girls who had been coming to Maine Chance for "I hate to tell you how long." They usually kept to themselves and talked of buying house racing tables, selling duck watches, and fishing in the Norwegian fjords. When I sat near them, they would patronizingly ask me to spell my name. I didn't mind since but when one lady asked me three times in three days I learned to keep away.

Most of the time I sat with the third group, the new girls. We were introduced by both the Skinneres and the old girls. Over the braided chicken quail we could at least discuss quietly our own elaborate: recipes and sentiments. At

The Corby Cooling System.

Pour a brimming measure of Corby's gin over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add your favorite mixers. Garnish with a slice of lemon, lime. Or a sprig of mint.

Then taste how Corby's distinctive, tangy flavour stands up to cool you down all your drink through.

Corby. Good taste in Canada since 1895.



What! Me smoke a pipe?

Don't knock it until you've tried it,
with the world's leading brands.

MILDER: KAYWOODIE

Grown smoked from the world's best hand-selected
leaf. Age and cured to only Kaywoodie leaves here.
Hand-shaped, hand-worked to look as good as they
smoke. Double-lined customer moisture
resistant. \$10.95 to \$15.95



SWEETER: YELLO-BOLE

No smoking in Hell honey-cured bowls
give you mild, flavorful smoke from the first
puff. If you're not completely satisfied, return
your pipe with sales slip and we will refund
your purchase price. \$3.95 to \$8.95



DRIER: MEDICO

Change the filter and you pipe is clean. The
66 filters in a replaceable, absorbent Medico
filter keep your pipe moisture-free. Double-lined
customer moisture resistant. Nylon bits are guaranteed long-life.
Pipes: \$3.95 to \$10. Medico Filter: replace-
ment, charcoal, 10 for \$30.

KAYWOODIE/YELLO-BOLE/MEDICO

The World's Favorite Pipes

Flies in paradise always settle on me

There is the group. It was clear why we
were starving at a fat farm.

After dinner, there was not much to
do except read, play bridge or retire to
guest rooms and brood about your
weight. The most exciting evening was
Friday, Bingo Night, and everyone
even the neophytes showed up bedecked
and heaped to play. The atmosphere
was as tense as any church hall in
Wisconsin, and, to everyone's dismay,
one super rich lady who had just bought
herself a Puerto Rican necklace for
\$500 (in reward for losing three pounds
in thirty days) kept winning the prizes.
The last who had been asked before
talking about the trials of building a
proper indoor swimming pool and with
chagrin, "There that has you."

Maude Chance was everything the
prosperous promised. It was truly pos-
sessed. Twenty-five years ago, Elizabeth
Arden — not one of our perennial
Canadians — personally supervised
every detail at Maude Chance, from the
lace coverlet to the quality of the cook-
ing. Even though the possums are en-
viable, the brand is not really dead. Al-
though Elizabeth Arden is dead, the
staff still refer to her as "Miss Arden"
and they stick to her recipe. We were
treated like spoiled children. They are
incredibly careful about giving names
that might embarrass the old guests.
The steam cleaner lady says, "You rub
over little bits with this soft towel, and
I'll rub your little back." Once the mas-
sage started in my presence and ap-
peared over and over again as if I'd
just broken something. I'd lean her.
When a heavenly state my neck the bar
was clucked over by the musician and
the same during my entire stay.

And yet despite this coddling I found
myself seeking. Perfection was possessed
my disposition. I ran out of the free milk
bottle bath, and it wasn't replaced.
Three days running I couldn't put my
bathrobe on the strongest jet in the
whirlpool bath — one of the old girls
wasn't big enough. On Wednesday and
Thursday the road showed brightly in
my breakfast. Occasionally, my view of
fresh flowers dropped.

However, my sentence was atypical.
Most of the women were the ones who
hardly lost weight vowed to return. I
lost five pounds during the thirty-day
stay. From my waist area and legs.
My seat back, instead of wearing im-
proved, I should be grateful but I'd
never return. I almost felt that the single
fly in paradise settles on me. I was bored
city. Besides, in three months, none of
them put that five pounds right back. >

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Chrysler elegance in a new sport size.



All you've come to expect from Canada's best
selling luxury automobile, in a car of trimmer
proportions, it's Cordoba. An inspired inter-
pretation of personal luxury in a new dimension
of Chrysler elegance. Yes, Cordoba is every inch a Chrysler.
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gracious interiors designed to reflect your own personality.
With a full complement of luxury features. And like every
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or unleaded.



1975 Chrysler
Imperial, New Yorker, Newport, Cordoba.

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CANADA LTD

Still Number One.



Johnnie Walker... so smooth it's the worlds largest selling scotch.

YOUR VIEW

They done us wrong

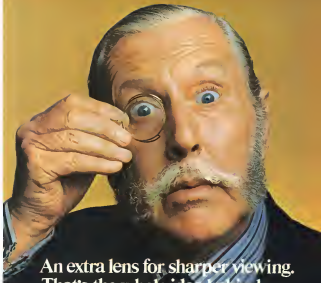
Professor Norman Ward rightly pointed out in *Shovelbumping the West at Election Time* (June) that the West-area provinces and the Atlantic provinces have less influence on the federal government than does central Canada because of the immense influence brought to bear by pressure groups. He says: "Why not deliberately overrepresent the smaller provinces in parliament?" Surely it would be a better remedy for this situation if some of the influence from these special interests were to be denominated rather than simply providing for the overrepresentation on a population basis of the Atlantic provinces and the West. The real difficulty is that much of the influence brought to bear on the government is not *citizens' influence* in the real sense but rather it is the influence of powerful economic interests, many of which are not Canadian at all in their ownership and control. Therefore, I suggest that the preferred remedy would be to eliminate the right of corporations to make contributions to political parties. This can be justified on several grounds.

1. Corporations do not have opinions like individual people. They only have interests. They will support those political parties that they think will carry out policies that favor them. This is in no way comparable to a private citizen supporting a political party because he believes in its principles or supports some of its policies for various reasons, some of which are probably selfish, but nevertheless they are personal opinions honestly held.

2. Contributions by corporations, when they reach the stage that they have probably reached, except governments to behave in a manner that is contrary to the public interest. One need not go into the details of the Watergate case in the United States to demonstrate this. It is obvious from the nature of the relationship established by the gift. Since political parties rely on these gifts in order to conduct their campaigns, they are extremely vulnerable to the blackmail demands of the corporations. This is clearly endemic in that it places the governments in a dependent relationship to private interests and therefore diminishes their influence on the support of their citizens.

3. The government has already accepted the principle of support of political parties out of the public treasury in the 1973 amendments to the *Canada Elections Act* and the *Broad-*

continued on page 354



An extra lens for sharper viewing.
That's the whole idea behind our new Panasonic Quintrix picture tube.

No other color picture tube has it.

We put an extra lens into our new Panasonic Quintrix picture tube. To give you a sharper, brighter picture than ever before.

It's easy to see why. Television manufacturers put lenses in their picture tubes to focus the image. We put in an extra lens to make the focus even sharper.

And because the Quintrix



Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time

picture tube is mounted on a 100-watt powerful chassis (39,000 volts to be exact), you get a brighter picture too. Panasonic Quintrix color picture tubes are available in portable sets with the exclusive new Quintrix tube.

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The next time you go for a drive,
the makers of Tex-made sheets can help you.

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The cost depends on where you go, so we won't go into it here. But your

travel agent can tell you exactly how much.

We know the South Pacific best.

Talk to any New Zealander and he'll mention you that our Richard W. Pearce best service and Wilbur Wright into the air. That?

Well, we did chart all the early routes in the South Pacific. We've flown this hemisphere for over 30 years.

The thing you'll like best is the way you — and the time — will fly. You've only had such thoughtful attention in the home of a friend or a fine private club.

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acting Act. This is therefore an appropriate time to cut off the extensive support coming from corporations which has only a deleterious effect on the political life of the country.

4. This would have the effect of increasing the effective representation not only of the Western provinces and the Atlantic provinces but of the whole of the Canadian interior, and would diminish the already excessively large influence of powerful economic interests.

Let this suggestion appear radical; remember it was in fact the law of the land in this country from 1906 until 1930. At that time, it was decided to permit the corporations to make financial contributions legally, since they were doing so illegally anyway. However, because it was not being enforced, it was a poor patch job for eliminating the law. Perhaps one should try the other way round and enforce the law this time, after re-implementing it. Also, since we take so many of our ideas from the United States, it may be a comfort to know that recent reforms in that country prohibit corporations from making donations to political parties. It is too recent to see the results of the reforms there — but the law has been re-modified.

The reason for this reform in Canada is much more compelling than in the United States, where one recalls that most of the large business concerns in Canada are now foreign-owned. To have our political parties under the influence of these foreign-controlled corporations is to lead the dice against policies in the interest of Canada, and in favor of multinational business. Instead of encouraging the Maritimes and the West, let's increase the influence of the people wherever they live, by diminishing the power of the corporations over our political parties.

It is G. THOMPSON, KINGSTON, ONT.

The best

I can only say "Thank you" for Heather Robertson's TP Company's *Tales on the Garden Sofa* (July).

A delightful, brightly honest and comic description of the election's politeness. I didn't know we had such witty critics in Canada! I am keeping this book hidden for my collection of party literature.

In the same issue John Holm's *Film Complex* is a *Serie de Songes* with the same question. I have been parking over. Perhaps today's film houses are being portrayed as super jacks because the women's lib movement has been shamelessly running scared. The movement has accom-

continued on page 30



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plished as little, aside from lip service, that men don't need to worry really. The guy at the next desk is still making more money, and plenty of women are content to let men take most of the responsibility and run the show.

Editor Peter C. Newman comes across on TV as the same pleasant, fun, pragmatic and honest person his editorialist colleague. He and Doris Anderson of *Charlie* are my two favorite Canadians. An issue of good news and really read and understood writing is a world that sometimes seems to be going mad. Neither one of them has disappointed me yet.

DALE C. BASS, WESTMOUNT, QUE.

As an off-and-on-again reader of *Maclean's* for many years, I'd like you to know that I think 1974 has produced some excellent editions of your magazine. Keep it up.

NORMAN M. FELLICK, PORT CHARLOTTE, NS

The last laugh

I recently had a laugh about the article by the doctors from *The Add Trust To Your Life* (June). I am now 88 years old.

I would advise these doctors: "If a man doesn't have the biological setup, the advice of the doctors is of no help."

JOHN GROSSMAN, HYDE BT, W.

Really spooked

The article *How The CIA Has Un-Spooked* (July) certainly has me spooked. If half of what has been said is true, then surely the majority of Canadians are living under an illusion that we are separated from U.S. foreign policy because we are Canadian.

This article by Maclean and Dulan is a fine piece of investigative journalism. *Maclean's* should be commended for its support of this type of reporting.

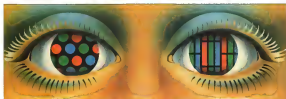
DALE BURNELL, CONNAWANG, ONT.

Soup can theology

After reading the *World War II Storybook* it begged my mind how anyone could be taken in by so much hypocrisy, and to the tune of \$15,000 to \$20,000, to get your mind rather well, cleansed. No wonder Ron Hubbard has four packs, with so many naive people around willing to pay so much to get mixed in a couple of soup cans, how could he fail? May I say to those who are sceptical that you can't buy peace of mind, happiness or friendship for that matter. To those who are already sucked in —

— continue on page 38

Why \$500 worth of stripes in front of your eyes beats \$500 worth of spots.



The next time you turn on your colour TV, go up to the screen with the magnifying glass, and take a close look at what's really making up that colour picture you're looking at. Dots. Red, blue and green dots.

If the dots they're coming through a white matrix, tell you your set is old, black matrix has about that against a ground will always stand better than colours against a white background.

So maybe it's time for a new colour TV. When you do decide to go shopping take the magnifying glass with you. When the salesman turns a set on, go through the same procedure.

Examine the screen up close with the glass. The dots look much closer now, because they're coming through a black matrix. Now stand back and look at the picture. You may be so impressed with the brilliance (as compared with what you've been seeing at home), that you'll start getting out your cheque book right then and there.

Don't do it. Drop in to any Toshiba dealer.

And don't forget the magnifying glass. Go right up to the screen with the glass, as soon as the salesman turns on the 14" screen C-335. While he's talking about 100% solid state dependability, plug-in modules for easy servicing, Automatic Fine Tuning and Automatic Balance

Control, you study what's happened inside the colour. Black background for definition, you've seen that already. But, the dots aren't dots any longer. They're stripes of colour. And it doesn't take a lot of thought to realize there's more colour area in a stripe than in a dot.

It's these colour stripes against the black background that give you the most brilliant colour picture in the industry.

Now stand back and look. That's called Toshiba Blackstripe™ colour television. It's \$500 worth of colour if ever you saw it. And for only \$479.95 (suggested retail).

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Find a Toshiba dealer in your area, write, Toshiba of Canada Ltd., 330 Bathurst Blvd., Montreal, Que.

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Luxury, impeccable styling, rugged construction and road holding capabilities have rightly gained for the Peugeot gasoline powered 504 Grand Luxe a world-wide reputation for excellence. With its impressive safety and economy factors, the 504GL adds up to a truly remarkable car.

But for the person who drives 15,000 miles or more per year, Peugeot provides an exciting new dimension in automotive travel: the 504GL Diesel.

The Peugeot 504GL Diesel combines all the outstanding qualities of the 504GL with the specific advantages of the diesel engine—exceptional mileage per gallon, exceptionally long engine life and minimal maintenance costs.

Three qualities that cannot be negated in these days of soaring prices.

The next move is up to you—the 504GL or the Alternative Peugeot, the 504GL Diesel... its time has come.

PEUGEOT FEATURES

The only significant difference between the 504GL and the 504GL Diesel is in the motor. The 504GL has a 4-cylinder, 241-cu gasoline engine with overhead valves and two single-barrel Solex carburetors. The 504GL Diesel is powered by the 4-cylinder XD 90 diesel engine. Every 504GL Peugeot, be it gasoline or diesel, offers you the following distinctive features:

COMFORT

1. Fully reclining bucket seats up front.
2. Contoured rear seat with central retractable armrest.*
3. Three separate fresh air ventilation systems.
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ROAD-ABILITY

5. 4-wheel independent suspension.*
6. Non-fading, power-assisted disc brakes on all 4 wheels.*
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8. Road responsive rack-and-pinion steering.

9. High-speed Michelin radial tires.*

10. Quartz-halide headlamps.

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11. All-steel monocoque construction.
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- The 504GL 22 to 28 mpg.
- The 504GL Diesel 30 to 40 mpg.

Peugeot 504GL—gasoline or diesel, sedan or station-wagon.

*on sedan only.

504GL Diesel... its time has come.



wake up the sun is shining! It's about time we dedicated ourselves and you are the one to do it.

BY A. CHARLES, KILGORE, NC

Goin' down the road

Perhaps we far easterners have an inferiority complex, because every time we read something about the Maritimes in *Maritime* we are delighted that we haven't been forgotten. To me two articles dealing with New Brunswick in one issue (July) was almost overwhelming. And since both were

as well written by two of our own leading writers we were doubly pleased.

The Maritimes have much more to offer and many more good writers to tell you about it.

MARY HALL, BELLINGHAM, WA

Justice for all

This note is to congratulate you on the very interesting article about Chief Justice Bora Lamer. I couldn't find ever heard of him before his recent appointment and wondered what all

the fuss was about. This article as well written and clear, explains *O.C.* center a man of reason" is almost quite special and a danger to theologists and casual people. My congratulations to John Gault and to *Maritime*. It is encouraging to know we have such a man at the head of our Canadian Supreme Court.

CAROLINE M. KILBY, NEWTON, ONT.

Emperor's waltz

Tot Tot first Taylor (*Grand Royal*—June), the Prince of Wales, European Nobility, Queen Elizabeth and Colonel Blimpie, in the company of the common hand or rabbit of the theatre? Taped! Set! At the Empress Hotel!

Oh (regretful distant) dear!
MRS. M. THURMUND, BRANTFORD, ONT.

Children's hour

The photography of *Kids Of Science* (July) was superb! It captures the essence of the simplicity, the wonder and the enjoyment of summer by children. I spent hours watching what summer was to me when I was a child. It was certainly one of the best features I have ever seen in *Maritime*.
CHARLES BLAKE, WILSON, N.S., CAN.

My friend flicka

It is one thing for Canadians to better Swedish hockey players, it is another to learn their language in just the Swedish word for just it flicka and the plural is flickor not flicker. Got it, gentlemen!

ANTHONY HILL, DALLAS, TEXAS

Best Bette

Three cheers for our own CMA president (Ivory Bettleman) who says by John Gault, August) and for those who elected her to office. Until more women get into the decision-making areas, we will continue to live in a male-dominated society which is doomed to make light of, or ignore, the needs of women. But to my perspective, abortion should be as more difficult to obtain than any other medical procedure, that is, by patient consent in consultation with her physician. It is not a matter for doctors to decide, with our private resident leaping down their necks.

Let us hope the new CMA president will be successful in helping to eliminate hospital committees where they now exist and in having abortion removed from the criminal code.

BRUCE IVY, WINNIPEG

The Prime Canadian

The more you know about whisky, the better for O.F.C. 8-Year Old. The Prime Canadian.

For starters: New O.F.C. 8-Year Old is aged a full 2 years longer than either of the two largest selling premium brands.

Then, age alone, should make it better. But any good drinker will tell you, it takes more than time to make a whisky prime.

The truth about age

3-year Old Canadian rye is pale, harsh and untempered. Around 12, it's darker and has begun to take on a heavy "woody" tone. In between 2 and 12, at one point in time, Canadian whisky is in "The Prime of Life": golden, mellow, smooth and full-bodied.

8 years is "Prime"

In our opinion, 8 years old is "Prime." That's why O.F.C. 8-Year Old is 8 years old. And only 8 years old.

"Prime" is more than time

Schenley puts a lot more into O.F.C. than time. Only 100% Canadian grain, and only drop-by-drop water. Every drop is distilled.

four times, and aged in hand-charred, white oak barrels for a full 8 years.

Finally we blend after aging

Why after? So that, despite differences from barrel to barrel, O.F.C. never differs from bottle to bottle. Or glass to glass. 120 separate taste tests ensure it and each bottle carries this numbered back label. This is Schenley's Guarantee of "Prime" 8-Year Old Quality, "Prime Quality."

Thousands are switching to O.F.C., and taste is the reason. Try O.F.C. 8-Year Old. We think you'll find it a very rewarding experience.

OFC

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CANADIAN WHISKY
THIS IS A SUPERIOR FULLY-AGED WHISKY
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Arrrgh!

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Available only at Pharmacies

Your 8-tracks, her cassettes, and FM/AM for both of you. This is stereo the Panasonic way.

Sooner or later you're going to wish your stereo system could play both 8-tracks and cassettes. That's why we're introducing the RS-284S, a stereo system designed to keep everyone happy.

It plays your 8-tracks, her cassettes, and FM/AM. Stereo radio when you don't want to change tapes any more. And it's built to keep you happy in lots of other ways besides.

The RS-284S is 100% solid state for years of dependable service.

The cassette recorder has a pause control, and Auto-Stop with indicator lamp, just to let you know the programme's finished.

And since there's always the

chance she'll be using C-60 tape, we provide a selector switch that lets her choose between that and normal tape.

We built in AFC for drift-free FM reception, and a stereo eye that tells you which FM stations are broadcasting in stereo.

We give you continuous tone, balance and volume controls. And a high/low/off sound monitor switch.



If that's not enough, we built in microphone mixing with an optional mike so you can both hum along.

The walnut speaker cabinets house two-way speakers, 6 1/2" woofer and 3 1/2" tweeter. They reproduce sound with a minimum of distortion, whether you're playing the music loud or very soft.

And when you add this stereo to one of our optional turntables, you've got a complete home music system that plays records as well as everything else.

The RS-284S from Panasonic. It's the system designed to keep you both happy. Ever after.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time



The Panasonic RS-284S



Quiet Hypocrisy

Canada's penicillaphobic mission to Vietnam: a screw job that was no job at all

BY CHARLES TAYLOR

Charles Taylor served for several years in the Globe and Mail's business desk in Hong Kong and Beijing. This article is an excerpt from his new book *Secret War: Canada, the United States and Vietnam, 1954-1975* which is being published by Anansi this month.

There are two major myths that sustained Canadian foreign policy during the 1950s and 1960s and which have survived — partly discarded but still powerful — into the 1970s. These are the myths of Quiet Diplomacy and *Helpful-Friend*. Both have the same rationale: Canada has influence in the world because it is a member of the Western alliance and a good friend of the developing nations. Much another is colonizing past to overcome, or as a response to present to disavow, with various diplomats and an abundant store of military equipment, Canada can be invited by nearly everyone. But — and this is the hooker — Canadian attention will only be effective if they speak softly while they carry their dispatch cases from capital to capital, from crisis to crisis. To be outspoken — especially against the United States — would destroy our effectiveness in Washington and our credibility elsewhere.

Respect in style and sometimes filled with moral fervor, our diplomacy has often failed the ultimate test for any foreign policy through being said and

strengthened in the expression of national opinions and the defence of national interests. These limitations are serious — and potentially fatal — at a time when the growing desire of Canadians to be free of American domination within our borders has become linked to a serious quest for a healthier independence in our foreign policies.

There is one important case history which illustrates the drawbacks to our traditional diplomacy and shows which some of the important facts are now established. Canada's 30-year involvement in Quiet Diplomacy and *Helpful-Friend* in Vietnam is a sorry tale of good intentions and limited achievements undermined by blagging and political misjudgment. Far off in special forums — and partly because of them — it casts serious doubt on the aims and methods of our diplomacy especially in its dealings with Washington.

Canada's involvement in Vietnam dates back to 1954 when we joined Portugal and India on the International Control Commission established by the Geneva Conference in the wake of the French defeat at Dien Bien Phu. The commission was meant to supervise the disengagement of military forces, the exchange of prisoners and refugees and the peace between North and South Vietnam. After some initial success, the ICC soon became discredited and virtually impotent as hostilities persisted in the North and both the United States

and North Vietnam began to intervene massively on the side of their allies.

By 1965 Canada was officially allied with the United States in its economic and humanitarian war against North Vietnam. Canadian officials were carrying American shipments to Hanoi, staying American's close on the ICC, forming American with political and military intelligence and publicly supporting American policies in southeast Asia. Canada was also selling about \$300 million worth of arms and ammunition to the Americans each year, a large portion of which was being used in Vietnam.

Forbidden to the terms of Quiet Diplomacy, Ottawa surely tried with any real conviction to dissuade the Americans from their war aims or even to demonstrate to them, while allowing its own diplomatic mission to serve the American strategy of military isolationism.

It is not a happy story. But it is important to establish what went wrong, and with the benefit of hindsight it is possible to imagine other courses of action that would have been more consistent with Canadian self-interest. At the very least we should no longer have any illusions about the chances of influencing our powerful neighbor through Quiet Diplomacy. To study our Vietnam experience is to understand the ruthless use of power insensitive to any American

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Canada was always a willing accomplice

Administration. It is a lesson that must be applied to all future negotiations. It would be wrong to make the Americans into the victims of the past and to assume that Canadian support was given reluctantly, in response to overwhelming American pressure and through fear of American economic retaliation. While the pressures were often intense, Canadian support was afforded freely out of a deep understanding of the situation in Southeast Asia and a misguided faith in Ottawa's diplomacy. Throughout, Canada was always an active and willing accomplice.

This was all the case in the early 1970s, when the Americans and the North Vietnamese were making slow progress in their Paris negotiations. For the record, Prime Minister Trudeau and his advisors regarded Canada's highly inconsistent with the ICC as an "ill-conceived operation" which was not to be repeated. But watching events from his embassy in Washington, the veteran Canadian diplomat Marcel Cadieux warned that Canadians might well react to a request for a new peacekeeping role in Indochina like an old customer to a truck, and be unable to resist themselves from having another run.

As it turned out, Cadieux was right. For Ottawa, the crash came in late October 1972. The government had long realized that its experience in Indochina made it a prime candidate for any new treaty commission. But the first official notification came on October 25, when Secretary of State William Rogers phoned External Affairs Minister Marshall Sharp to tell him that "Canada's name is in play" in the Paris talks in a statement made that day, Sharp said that Canada had not yet received a formal invitation, adding: "It is possible that we will be asked to play some part in a peacekeeping role and we have said that we would look very carefully at it as long as it is not a force like the ICC."

On the morning of October 26, Rogers informed Cadieux that both sides in Paris had agreed on a new international commission comprising Canada, India, Poland and Hungary. Later that day, Henry Kissinger announced peace was at hand in Vietnam.

At that point it seemed all over. But there were a few nagging problems (peace was) at hand (Kissinger was soon back negotiating in Paris) after a flurry of recommendations between Hanoi and Washington) and Canada had still not announced its formal agreement to participate in the new commission.

It was hardly a time for Ottawa to give

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Washington ignored Ottawa's terms for joining the ICCS and showed little interest in Canadian sensitivities

screen consideration to a major international commitment. The decision of October 30 gave no priority to any of the parties. It left Trudeau preoccupied with clinging to power.

On November 2, Sharp announced that Canada was prepared to make some contribution to peacekeeping in Vietnam. For a start it would make available

to any commission — and for a limited period — an ICC delegation who remained in Saigon and Hanoi. Any further commitment would depend on the precise terms of the new mandate.

By now even the average newspaper reader could surmise that Canada was being reined into a new commitment without knowing very much about

it. With a brave show of disengagement, Sharp outlined Canada's basic conditions at a November 21 press conference. Canada would insist on freedom of movement to investigate all parts of South Vietnam as well as an international authority to which the commission could report. Reporting procedures had to be "workable" — a rather vague phrase that could be an instantly ripe especially for reports on human violations. There would have to be a precise time limit on Canadian involvement. Ottawa was also insisting that all first battalions had to request Canada's participation, so that Ottawa wouldn't seem to be acting solely for the United States.

Yet Trudeau was taking Canada's participation for granted and showing little interest in Canadian sensitivities. In mid-November, a State Department spokesman told that Canada, Indonesia, Poland and Hungary had all agreed in principle to join the new commission. External Affairs barely responded. With suspicion that Canada had still not made a firm commitment. The Americans then told Ottawa that Indonesia, Poland and Hungary had already agreed to serve and that Canada was the "missing piece in the puzzle" — but when Ottawa checked with the other three capitals it discovered that this was also far from true. In another dummy deception, the Americans assured the Canadians that they had tried hard to find a substitute member but that Canada was the only other Western or Western-leaning nation acceptable to Hanoi. After repeated prodding from the do-gooder Canadians, Washington finally admitted that only one other country — Japan — had ever been considered.

Sharp was still maintaining on December 3 that the government had yet to make up its mind. By then five politicians or officials in Ottawa took Sharp's pronouncements at their face value. Five days later Rogers indicated that he considered Canada's conditions to be reasonable, adding, "We can accept many of them." It seemed clear that all of Canada's conditions would never be met, but that Ottawa wouldn't refuse as yet at the last moment.

The last moment was again postponed when the Paris talks broke down in the middle of the month. This was followed by American bombing of North Vietnam from December 18 to 30. On January 5, the House of Commons gave unanimous approval to a motion that deplored the bombing and requested the United States to refrain from further attacks. This was the

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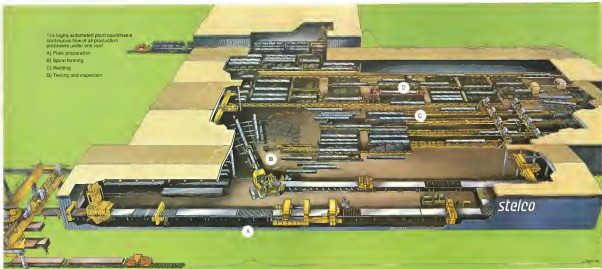
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term responsibility for how the Vietnamese arranged their affairs once the Americans had gone.

This explains why Sharp was at such great pains to keep on recruiting Canadian firms for access on a new commission when no one in Ottawa had any confidence that their services could ever be used. Canada would only stay in the job as long after the American withdrawal as seemed decent and justifiable. At that point Canada would find a pocket for its own withdrawal, the emphasis Sharp had misread as frequently before Canada joined NCS would be used to justify its subsequent departure.

It was a devious strategy. For its success it would depend on one further ingredient, a large dose of consistent policy for all the failures and successes which — Ottawa was quite convinced — would soon engulf the new commission. But this had also been considered in advance. As the 290 Canadians began arriving in Saigon on January 29, Ottawa had already announced that their leader would be Canada's ambassador to Greece, a 51-year old career diplomat named Michel Gauvin. When Ottawa failed to disclose this fact Gauvin had been repeatedly chosen for his serene temperament.

Gauvin had a reputation as a trouble-shooter and earlier in his diplomatic career he had spent six weeks in Hanoi and nearly a year in Saigon on the old ICC. This was in 1959, the year when everything seemed to turn sour for the commission and when its Canadian members became implicitly burdened against the North Vietnamese. Of all the choices to head Canada's delegation to the ICCS, this tough and reliable Québécois was the most likely to be impatient with delays and unresponsive to Canadian points of view.

When he took up his duties in Saigon, Gauvin had one main intention: to follow an "open mouth" policy. He was to speak out — loudly and publicly — whenever the ICCS became discredited or otherwise frustrated in its work. By sounding off in public, Gauvin would also be lessening the day when Canada could abandon its new commitment; this was the last day of the policy.

In the first days of the commission's work, the other three members expressed a Canadian proposal that their meetings should be open to reporters. So Gauvin began to cultivate the large foreign press corps in Saigon. At receptions, dinners and in frequent interviews, he regaled the reporters with pungent comments and detailed stories on the turmoil and

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desires within the commission. Since most of the reporters were from the West, and since the Police and Ministers were slow to develop their own press relations, nearly all the stories filed from Saigon reflected Canadian news and portrayed Guevara as a skillful and colorful hunter for the truth and a critic of war and doubtful Reds.

Trouble soon began piling up. While the withdrawal of American troops was proceeding smoothly, the time was proving to be extremely precarious, with fighting continuing throughout the South. Only a handful of the violations had been officially reported to the commission, a sign of the contempt in which it was held by both sides.

By the end of the first 60-day period, the commission had become virtually deadlocked along predictable Communist and non-Communist lines. Sherry and several MPs visited both Saigon and Hanoi between March 13 and 18 to assess the general situation. From Guevara and members of his delegation, they heard the sad story of the deadlock on the ICES, from leaders of both North and South Vietnam, they received formal instances of support for the ICES but little indication that either side was prepared to accept the commission's investigative role.

An innocent observer might have concluded that Ottawa was preparing to announce its withdrawal from the commission. Instead Sharp told the House of Commons on March 27 that Canada would remain on the ICES for a second 60-day period — until the end of May. It would then announce its withdrawal — giving a 30-day grace period until the end of June so that a successor could be found — if the present situation continued and if there was no obvious improvement or progress toward a political settlement. "We will not take part in a charade," Sharp warned, "nor will we readily condone actions when we believe action is required."

By now the government realized that, in its zeal to avoid a long-term commitment to the ICES, it had made a tactical mistake in agreeing to serve for only 60 days. This period coincided exactly with the time allotted for the American military withdrawal. If the Canadian military withdrew, if the Canadian troops had left the South — and this was U.S. pressure, but not demand, from the North — Guevara would be accused of having joined the ICES merely to serve the interests of Washington. That was the case — given the fact Guevara had decided that serving the interests of



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Washington was also the last way of serving its own interests — but in view of the rising tensions in Canada the government could not afford to acknowledge the real basis of its policy.

There was a strong element of deception in Ottawa's public position. While Sharp might wish that Canada would not participate in a decade, his concern was about the need for an effective ICCS were little more than pure hypocrisy. By the end of March, it was quite clear that the Paris accords were misleading and that Hutter and Stojan were still implacable adversaries. At that point the last thing that Ottawa wanted was any change for the better in the commission's role since this would have meant an extended Canadian commitment. Rather, the government was determined that further investigations and disputes — well publicized and to some extent provoked by Guayre — would soon provide the excuse for Canada's final and carefully prepared withdrawal.

On April 7, an ICCS helicopter on its way to a team site near the Kasloan border was shot down by Communist fire. There were nine men on board and all were killed in the crash, including Captain Charles Laviolette of the Canadian Army.

This was to become the most celebrated and controversial incident during Canada's six months on the ICCS. Before it was finally wrapped up in an inquiry and subsequent report at the end of May it had widened the ideological split on the commission and involved Guayre and the Communists in a series of insults and vilification. In retrospect it would seem that such incident was always inevitable: by early April the ICCS was approaching stalemate, with the Poles and the Hungarians increasingly critical of the Canadians and Guayre more than ready to reply in kind.

Much of the trouble spring from the fact that Ottawa had its own ideas about the commission's role: ideas that were shared by some of the other members or one of the three remaining belligerents. For the Canadians were quite alone in wanting to act according to the rule book, frequently dressed in berets, green shirts and knee-length socks, they looked like a team of international Scoutmasters. Sticking strictly to the letter of the Paris ceasefire agreement, they kept blowing whistles at anyone who committed a flying.

This approach always varied between the quiescent and the futile. The Poles and Hungarians argued that investigations of ceasefire violations were too

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All roads lead to Rohmer

Big Street boy, Royal Commissioner, political outsider, decorated war hero, Northern success, best-selling novelist — now to go, Richard!

BY ROY MACSKIMMING

I'll admit it: we laughed when we heard Richard Rohmer was going to publish a novel. My writing friends and I shared the news with grins of disbelief. Oh, he'd done a decent good-job charting the Quebec Royal Commission on Book Publishing. He'd written a couple of useful nonfiction books on northern development and Canadian energy policy, but he'd a ton of clout with the press, money, fame and a lecture hall career with Lang, McMaster, Carleton, Fennell and Wayne (the McMaster is the former Governor General; the Lang is Senator Daily).

But what did all that have to do with writing a novel? Didn't the guy realize that fiction is serious work, for God's sake? Like death. It's a great teacher — we all people know that — and Rohmer's public status was no substitute for the inextinguishable appearance of sweating blood and wallowing disappointment. Some nerve.

And that's pretty much what Mordecai Rohmer said to Rohmer's own church: face it, a McKendall and Strickland party line fall, when Celine can first appear.

Of course Rohmer does have a list of nerve. His reason to Rohmer, quite rightly, was that writers have to have nerve, telling each other what they may or may not write. The actual wording of the reply is not printable here, which at least proves how heated the exchange was between the short, trim, elegant Rohmer and the blegg, muffled, bearded. Normally, Rohmer is disarmingly correct in his navy-blue Big Street stripe, making you doubt that there's a single vulnerable spot in his makeup, but then once he blows the cool that is one of his most prized possessions.

It's true that the "between" moments are interesting in writing a delicate political melodrama like *Ukranian*, but few could deny, without hypocrisy, that they cover Rohmer's tale — more than 20,000 copies in English and French Canada, with the mass-market paper back in Canada and the U.S. to come.

Head's safe in the wind. Rohmer

wrote *Ukranian* in six weeks. He didn't even know it, he decided it — in six weeks (his first novel) at the age of 48 and it went quickly to the top of Canada's best-seller list and stayed on the list for nine months. And Rohmer can't even remember the last novel he read. "Until *Ukranian* I'd never thought of myself as a novelist," he says. "But then I had the advantage of never having written a novel before, so I could plunge right ahead."

When I visit Rohmer at his country retreat, he's completing *Ukranian*, the sequel to *Ukranian*, which is being published this month. The *Ukranian* is locked away among the lovely, quiet Malheur Hills, a little south of Georgian Bay. From the living room of the three-bedroom, the land juts out into the water, and in the exposure of wind, city sky. Rohmer has been up here all week alone except for an excellent Yorkshire server called Charlie.

It's a good place to write a book, peaceful and head expanding — although the silence on the day-night table suggests a somewhat different activity, the launching of an investment portfolio, perhaps, or the writing of a corporate memorandum. The Philips battery-powered dictating machine is there, the most recent annual report of Exxon, the world's largest petroleum corporation, whose name is printed on the side of the new novel and several files of clippings relating to the energy crisis and oil and gas finds in the Canadian Arctic. These are the percher tools of Rohmer's novelist grade.

Unlike most other literary people, I enjoyed *Ukranian*. The crisis passed a because of its wooden style, paper-maché characters and Puritan plot. But its warning of a U.S. take-over of Canada in 1985 in the wake of the atomic energy crisis, which is not only credible, it appeared in a negative sense, as a nationalist reaction because it will not readers to questioning the terms of our relationship with the U.S. On top of that, its crude head of

supreme makes it as effective as those *Forties* movie serials that are terrible but still fun to watch: will the *Devils* escape containing our unconscious have back over the cliff to with benevolent Fate, or not? Come back with work and find out. At the end of *Ukranian*, the dawn of Canada appears sealed as American troops prepare to land at Canadian airports. Not war, but war. ...

Rohmer, in form and a selfless, hard-nosed planning one, would be always seen him in his Big Street gear. I'm not as on the sensational events of the sequel. It gives a man back to *Ukranian* and frankly I can't wait to read it, just as I have needed to read any type of story, to see how it all comes out — because he won't tell me the plot twist, which may lead to a sequel in the sequel.

Instead, he and Charlie start the candle in the room of the property. Rohmer's little Big-Glo, yellow, cream-colored, Porsche convertible, license C06, 411 (the is honorary colonel of 411 Squad, an air reserve unit he still flies with his weekend) looks incongruous sitting among the white, obscure fields. Down on a level stretch lies a newly dug, spring-fed pond, and running along the firm's far side is a landing strip being built for Rohmer's Piper Cherokee.

"I'm having the strip finished this week," he says. "There will be putting greens along the edge. And I'll have the pond stocked with trout."

I remark that I didn't know he golfed or fished.

"I don't," he says. "Don't have time."

That's why he's toasting with putting greens and trout?

"Oh, it's something to do, I suppose."

Of course. What else should he be doing, reading novels?

Rohmer is talking on the telephone in his office. He is talking to the president of a very large and very important Toronto manufacturing firm, for whom he has arranged a very strategic meeting.

"Yes, Donald. We're not. I've reserved the private dining room at Hy's. You and your people are to be there by



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"What's that? Negative, Donald, my
 dear. Now please let me emphasize one
 thing: for God's sake, keep it short. The
 Mayor is an intelligent man, you won't
 have to expound the whole theory and
 history of this thing to him. He's got the
 picture. Give him lots of time to ask his
 own questions, that's the idea."

It was one of the Rohmer speaking par-
 ticipations the gentlemanly one — Dick
 Rohmer, the man of confidence and un-
 desired influence. It's the side of him
 that became most fully developed dur-
 ing the 1970s when he was one of the
 most important Conservatives in On-
 tario although he was little known ex-
 cept to the party's inner circle.

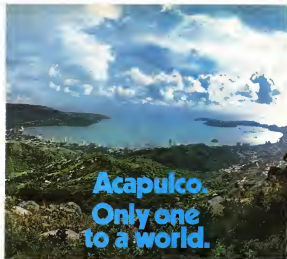
At that time Rohmer worked very
 closely, and very discreetly, with then-
 Premier John Robarts. He played a ma-
 jor role in Robarts' successful campaign
 for the Ontario Conservative leadership
 in 1961 and two years later accepted an
 invitation to be Robarts' "special ad-
 visor in personal political matters."

Rohmer is deliberately vague about
 what that job entailed. According to one
 within Robarts' circle, Rohmer played the
 role of "fixer" for Robarts, running
 roughly that apart from the obvious ad-
 visory function he made political busi-
 ness, acted as negotiator, and generally
 helped to get key people together —
 much as he was doing for the media-
 manager who wanted something from To-
 ronto's Mayor David Crombie.

In the 1967 campaign for the Con-
 servative Party leadership Rohmer sup-
 ported former Finance Minister Donald
 Fleming, a critical choice, considering
 Fleming's lack of voter appeal, and one
 reflecting Rohmer's debts to the party's
 Old Guard. Rohmer's own attempts at
 federal politics was cut short in January
 in late 1963 when he sustained the Con-
 servative nomination he had won in the
 Toronto riding of York North. His
 stated reason was bad health, he was in-
 deed suffering from stomach trouble,
 but the condition would only have wors-
 ened at the prospect of the Conservative
 nomination that developed in the fol-
 lowing months. In any case Rohmer
 stepped out of the running, and the next
 June his successor in York North, Ger-
 ard Hornehan, lost out to Trudeau's man,
 and so Liberal candidate Murray Dun-
 can, by almost 10,000 votes.

It was then that Rohmer embarked on
 his career as Public Phenomenon.

This career has had three phases so
 far. Rohmer the northern driver, Rohmer
 the royal commissioner and



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IMPORTED FROM SPAIN

Rohmer is a man of impatient nationalism, itching to translate his ideas into action — before it's too late

Rohmer the pop political novelist. If you look closely at three photos an entrepreneur gazes intently at the northward vision about the ideas of the northern developer, the royal commissioner seeks to use an industry in which the overall participants, and the northern developer adopts the experience of the royal commissioner in advancing policies for Canadiana's northern residents. And the whole "exercise," as he likes to call his multifaceted projects, is fuelled by the man's impatient nationalism, by his fascination with growth and his itch to translate his developmental ideas into action — before, as he's always pointing out, it's too late for Canada.

Rohmer first emerged in his role as Terry Macdonald's Canadian for a brief moment in 1983. He was 28, a successor of 135 northern living missions and a winner of the Distinguished Flying Cross for valor, in a speech to a Toronto symposium that he charged the St. Laurent government with negligence in failing to safeguard the national interest.

"Canada could not put up a single modern aircraft in its own defense," he asserted. "She is absolutely helpless to air her attack." The remark shook the Liberal cabinet sufficiently that within 24 hours Brooke Claxton, the Minister of Defense, was inviting Rohmer to the Commons, charging that the speech was politically motivated and the RCMP was checking out the young Conservative for security violations.

Fifteen years of law and political work later Rohmer remained the national spokesman again with a prophesy on the grand scale. The subject was that Canadiana favors the Northern Vision, but unlike John Diefenbaker's 1958 version of the vision, Rohmer's was based, characteristically, on extensive research in multi-level study by Action Research and Planning Ltd., and attracted the support of big-name businessmen and academics. This was his Mid-Canada Development Corridor concept. It was born, according to Rohmer, while he was pondering the state of the nation during his short-lived federal candidacy. After resigning the nomination, he spent the better part of two years polishing the concept, which was based on the proposition that "Mid-Canada" — the million-square-mile heretofore frozen stretching north the horizon between the frozen North and the ribbon of southern settlement — is capable of supporting a whole new sort of urban life.

The idea is either grand or grandiose, depending on your point of view. The enough People Who Count rallied

around the vision and Rohmer was able to organize and finance a working conference in Lakelse University (itself in the mid-North) in August, 1986. The conference produced link forces to study different aspects of the Mid-Canada idea, all culminating in a final report that recommended long-range development policies for the area as a

national priority. This report was presented to Prime Minister Trudeau in February 1977.

And there it stood. Trudeau referred Rohmer and his report to the Advisory Committee on Northern Development, a group of senior civil servants representing the various federal departments with an involvement in the North, and

"Trudeau is a Jesuit-trained Quebec academic," says Rohmer. "His priorities are social and cultural, and especially Quebec"

they've sat on the report to this day.

Rohmer denounces the government's inaction with the heading *out of the door*, which knows exactly what they would do with it: nothing. The bureaucrats did their duty.

It's a favorite theme with Rohmer, the shrewdness and unpopularity of his colleagues. Officers, bureaucracy "The

provinces are not it and cultural, and especially Quebec. When he referred the Mid-Canada report to the bureaucrats, he knew exactly what they would do with it: nothing. The bureaucrats did their duty."

Trudeau is a Jesuit-trained Quebec academic," says Rohmer. "His priorities are social and cultural, and especially Quebec"

candidates class in Ottawa automatically reject any idea that comes from outside the belt. He says with a light smile: "they tried to get out through the broad glasses."

Trudeau's other major public report, that of his Ontario Royal Commission on Book Publishing, has come dangerously close to taking the same fate as the Mid-Canada report. Although the royal commission was chaired by Rohmer's close associate, John Roberts, and although the recommendations of its three interim reports were all implemented by the provincial government (including a million dollars, no interest loan to a beleaguered McEwen and Stewart), the final report itself has been shuffled back and forth by yet another clutch of bureaucrats sitting on yet another inter-departmental committee — around this time, by a true-blue administration through whose corridors Rohmer narrowly moves with singular grace and speed. Parts of the report have been dropped, but the original proposal for a book-publishing development board, lies unattended.

These two infuriating tangles with government are just the reason why Rohmer has written off the idea of entering federal politics, a move often expected of him. Another part of the reason is that in 1973 he looked into the possibility of running in York-Scarborough, a general Liberal stronghold. Robert Skelly, but not with a follow-up endorsement from Conservative leader Robert Stanfield.

He still tends to feel skeptical about his long and arduous life in politics, a politician. But first you think he thoroughly a House of Commons job would destroy the life he enjoys, how the constraints of party and caucus would prevent him from winging his funny new ideas in the public in speeches, articles and conferences.

This is where novel-writing comes in. In his novels — or fables, which is what they really are — Rohmer can pull to further his concepts, notions and visions in one place, establish their credibility in a plausible new fantasy, and work out the country's destiny in terms of them. Later, say other friends, he can send the experience of creating his own novel to the nation, where the north is finally told the nation needs to be heard out of.

Thus in the Canada of 1985 as portrayed in *Ullmann's* suspect, Rohmer's perception of a mobile parliament (moving around the country to foster national

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His novels' heroes are like himself

enjoy his hero just into justice, the government has created a Canada Energy Corporation, in Robson's words, "to control all new oil and gas finds in the country, and so on."

Like *Womans' men* hero, Prince Myrta, Robson knows the joys of the good adventure, energetic and enterprising. Like — well like Richard Robson, only younger. As a rule Robson sheds his private self beneath that highly polished public manner, but in the novels he has portrayed himself: a usual indulgence by portraying his heroes as rather like himself. Prince Myrta's Prince, for instance, values the way control of a Galtrey Governor General with whom he once worked in a young lawyer, similarly, Robson began his own law career as a junior to Richard Myrton.

The resemblance is superficial and quite harmless. Neither novel delves into its hero's background to reveal a youth anything like Robson's: a gas-lawyer's son who divided his teen-age years between the homes of his divorced parents: who was thrown out of his father's house at 17 for taking his counts who want to work in an aircraft factory for nine months, leaving to join the RCAF on his eighteenth birthday because flying was all he'd ever wanted to do; who won his wings and was shipped to England in 1944, before he was 20, who flew a Mustang during 34 months of low-level reconnaissance for enemy troops, tank movements and artillery, including three ops on D-Day, who returned home with a DFC and no intention of going to university, much too low school, still he was generally looked upon as a former soldier.

This youthful past, to unlikely for a man of Robson's present style and stature is some indication of the complex inner-world in his making. The other contradictions are the less striking. A seemingly important man who cannot take the warmth of his feeling for his wife, Mary-Clara, and their two daughters, one of whom plans to follow him to law. A devoted corporation lawyer who makes headlines. A devotee of Big Street with a passion for the North. An undoubted success who suffers defeat in pursuit of personal aims. An established Tory who opposes socialism, but whose ideas rock the boat and betray an undulating belief in government planning that is distinctly socialist.

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Bye-bye Brunhild

Rita Tursky has a build that would break glass

BY JACK BATTEN

The atmosphere in Hamilton Place was elegant, new, the air-circulated hallways sublime. The audience was suitably amused. The orchestra and chorus were on stage and in position. 36 members of the Hamilton Philharmonic, 130 men and women from the city's Bach-Eggar Choir, and 52 soloists from the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. A few subdued remarks fled by, and the evening's four principals entered from stage left: conductor Boris Liviat, a tall, elegant, robust baritone named Julian Patrick, a tall, blond-haired, slender named Albert Green and — *schmuck* — a young woman whose appearance instantly compared to the glimmer and excitement of a Hollywood social singer more than the harsh and severity of a serious concert hall. The woman was dark, exotic, blond and tumble-headed in the style of a folk singer. She was dressed in a flowing, deep green, medieval gown that was cut in front to reveal slanting as much cleavage as your average opera exponent. All eyes fixed on her classically unbalanced stroll to centre stage, and a murmur went up from the packed house that in the audience, had the explosive impact of a bomb burst.

Rita Tursky's soprano had just completed another grand entrance. The entrance was for a performance at Hamilton Place last night of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*. It's a charming and witty work for orchestra and vocalists, just the vehicle for the Tursky voice, but in a conversation a few days before the concert about the Tursky vocal effort the owner of all the talent went straight to the heart of the matter. "I always do well with the audience, especially with audiences that aren't all that familiar with opera. They come to the hall expecting some 200-pound soprano and they get me instead. Lots of men standing up there on the stage, I can hear their gasp."

Rita Tursky is like no other concert and opera singer you're likely to meet across in Canada. In one photograph from her new brochure she appears in a blond wig for Rachel Welch dressed

for her recent role in *The Tinseltown* series. In another picture she gives off an undeniable charge of Norma McMillan, the infamous Happy Hooker.

Needless to say, her stunning looks have stirred controversial discussion in the tradition-heavy world of serious music. John Fraser, a music critic for the *Globe and Mail*, questioned the performance in a review of a Tursky performance in April of this year. "Her coloration voice is certainly not the most controlling on the opera stage or concert ground. But the lady does have a remarkable presence and for every point she infatuates she probably wins 10 converts to the cause of singing and opera just by stepping out on the stage, she won two-thirds of her audience."

It would be unfair and inaccurate to balance all of Tursky's appeal on her physical endowments. She can, after all, sing too. In the past couple of years she's commanded jobs all over the continent that range from somewhere between a winter and a war. She alternated with the great Beverly Sills in the lead role of Deixone's *Daughter Of The Regency* for the Montreal Opera, and the tiny Françoise in Beethoven's *Concert For The New York City Opera*. She's taken frequent roles with the Canadian Opera Company, and her last this spring with *Carmina Burana* topped off a season in which she appeared with virtually every major Canadian orchestra.

Sills's in demand, North America's music critics have decided that she's someone who must be dealt with. The consensus among them is that, at the moment, only one stage of her career — her soloist in terms in the upper range in Latin, jargon, "classical" can mean shell or forced and some. Nothing, in short, especially complimentary. But all reviewers agree that Tursky has a rich, full, musical range and that on overall talent she is a look promising and very likely something much greater. Max Wyman, the critic for the Vancouver *Star*, expressed the opinion of her talent in a review in late 1973. "Miss Tursky has matured into a

singer of great grace and ability," he wrote. "Because beyond the vocal gymnastics, beyond the discursive tricks beyond the command and control — all of which are impressive in themselves — there is the natural ease that marks the true singer and the potentially great."

Tursky says hard to so the critics — she keeps right at scrupulous of clippings faithfully up to date — but in person she exudes an air of tough independence. If one would stare up her outlook, it's American.

"I know what it takes to make it in opera and concert singing," she said recently sitting in her living room and sipping a cool drink that oozed out of orange juice and Perrier. "It takes a whole temperament on a lot of ego. You must be dependable, get to rehearsal on time and so on. You've got to be careful of your body. There are plenty of people in my business who lead wild sex lives and drink off they're plastered. Not me. Everything is absolute moderation. And you've got to work hard. Don't tell me about inspiration. It's hard work that gets you the top notes. You see the world is full of beautiful voices, but they're not beautiful voices. You've got to be responsible to the talent you start with and then you can make a career for yourself. I intend to make a career for myself."

What makes the distance Tursky has already travelled in her career so surprising is that her professional debut, in 1970 with the Vancouver Opera, came late. She was, at beginning vocalists, an ancient 28 years old then, and she'd served in a singing career only after she had been orphaned, given birth to a daughter, divorced her first husband and fled the Yukon.

She was born, Rita Rita Tursky, in Toronto the daughter of Lou Tursky, a much admired actor and sports photographer. Her father and mother died when Rita was still in high school, and at that stage, lunched early on her life of independence: she was neither beautiful — "I was a like devil, sport and the kids used to call me



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Robert Suter gave Riki tough reviews and then he courted and married her

"More?" — our church ministered to me; though she had taken vocal lessons. She put married in her life seem to a musical prodigy who clanked to set up pieces in Whitehorse, and it was in the north country, that the musical changes in Terri's life began to happen.

"The thing about the Yinkon," she remembers, "was though I personally had many happy times up there, as that is what all people do one of these things — constant suicide, then alcoholism or get divorced if those last."

That was one change. "While I was in Whitehorse, the Canadian Olympic came through and when I heard them perform, I said to myself, 'You can do this.' I said it out loud in one of the people with the company and she said that if I was really serious, I ought to investigate the Vancouver Olympic program. Well, I left the Yinkon and began the people in Vancouver and this took me in. More out of exasperation. I think than from any great appreciation of my talent."

That was change number two, and moving in 1967 from Terri's life as a swimming coach over the next few years of study and performing of scholarships and Canada Council grants. After Vancouver, she graduated with honors from the University of Toronto Open School took part in the San Francisco Opera's postgraduate Mexico Program, and studied at the Music Academy of the West in Santa Barbara, California, under the legendary Loris Krumpholtz. Gradually, she built a reputation as an intricate a soprano, that includes today, committed to memory 27 operas, told eight additional parts, and 16 chorales solo.

"Carrie was a singing influence to me through all these years of study," Terri's says, speaking of her daughter who is now eight. "I miss, when you're worrying about a high C and there's a baby crying in the next room, a kind of making you discipline your life." She pauses and offers a wistful smile. "And there of course there was Robert."

Robert is Robert Suter who is now a critic for the Vancouver Sun, gave Terri's what she still calls her "tough" reviews. Suter made friends of sorts by convincing her and many others and today he lives with Riki and Carrie in a chic little townhouse in Toronto and works for the Ontario Arts Council.

"Robert?" Terri's asks, points out "knows far more about music than I do and he's my guide. Up to a point, that is because when it comes to actual singing I have to work on my own."

The kind of work Terri's takes

short was obvious in Hamilton on the day she prepared to perform the soprano's role in *Caroline, or Change*. By early in her holiday two rooms she took elaborate care in washing and setting her hair ("People expect me to look gorgeous on stage now"), then rode a taxi to Robert's house where, alone, she loosened up her voice and indulged in a variety of stretching exercises for her body. In the afternoon, she took part in a full orchestra and chose rehearsal that was at once both informal and serious. She roared far on her room, ate a steak and vegetables ("If I don't eat a lot I feel shaky on stage"), again sang her song, dressed in her spectacular gown and started seriously in one of Hamilton Place's upstairs dressing rooms. ("This is the time when I ask myself, 'What am I doing here anyway?'"

On stage, she sat through the other solo looking almost "I'm not — I'm really wishing I could go to the bathroom or have a soft drink." She sang her own parts, and at the end the audience rewarded her and the others with a standing ovation.

Backstage afterward, praised by admirers' congratulations, Terri's looked exuberant. ("There's no greater high than singing over an orchestra and moving an audience.") But she smiled quietly and shook her head at one memory of the concert just over.

"Honest to God," she said, "I couldn't believe it but there were two people in the very front row would sleep."

That may be so — it was further back and couldn't see — just if I can't help sleeping that from a distance as long as from stage to find out she missed real music, in contrast sleep.



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The boat who wouldn't sink

Thirty years ago this month an unlikely RCMP patrol boat wrote the final chapter in the saga of the Northwest Passage

BY SANDRA GWYN

Monday, October 16, 1984. The week that General MacArthur returned in the Philippines, and Shirley Temple was in Toronto to launch the Seventh Victory Loan. Warm for mid-October, and so foggy that the North Vancouver ferry ground the stern of a tugboat and, on shore, two customs officials at Hastings and Main. Toward dusk, a muggy, overcast day, RCMP patrol ship *ghosted* down Burrard Inlet, devoid of stern or flags, with a policeman holding the device of a green polar bear lashed to her bow.

No one saw the *St. Roch* coming. No one was waiting for her. "Canada was at war," her skipper, Staff Sergeant Henry Lensen, wrote long afterward, "and had no time for fin-de-siècle things." That Friday was an 85-day, 7,395-mile passage east-to-west across the top of the continent and the clearing of a new northern dispenser meant that the super tanker *Manhattan* would follow a quarter of a century later.

"We're politicians, not explorers," an RCMP spokeswoman had told Lensen back in the Thirties when he first suggested trying to squeeze his 164-foot ship through the Northwest Passage.

In those days, few Canadians knew or cared where out far north. Difficultly we'd been mistaken there since 1880, when Britain ceded control of the old Hudson's Bay Company lands to justice, until the 1950s when the discovery of Eskimo art and culture made it pivotal to own a vessel we'd once thought empty, our only presence in the Arctic was a handful of missionaries, mine of them from Britain and Europe, and a few RCMP detachments. Somehow the northern mystique — as key-stone the quest for a northern passage — had never become part of our national dream.

Today we learn another better. It's easier now to recognize the heroic almost mythical quality of Lensen and the *St. Roch*. The last of the wonder ships, the last chapter, the only Canadian one, in a saga that began with Martin Frobisher in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Henry Hudson

in the Discovery. On October 16 the *St. Roch* was the last of her kind to Vancouver, the *St. Roch* will be finally awarded as a National Historic Site. She has been restored to the precise condition in which she completed her 1984 voyage.

Among the invited guests of honor at the five living members of the 11-crew crew. The eldest of these turned 68 last March; the youngest is still only 47. Listening to them takes you close to the nerve ends of history, as if once you sailed on the *St. Roch* or the *Mani*

there were still around to say what it was like, really. But in the case, the reality is far from the spot and pelagic, still-appealing-outside undertaking that headlight makes it seem.

There was a weekly engine for a start. Two crew members, making 70, two others sold in their time. A wireless operator who had never before sent or received a message. "I was just 16," recalls Jim Deplock of St. Catharines, Ontario, now a sergeant with the Niagara Regional Police. "I was having a ball that I've asked me now. I wouldn't swap up in



Staff Sergeant Henry Lensen, a skipper at the bow of *Frederick and Thelma*.



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Larsen said the lumbering St. Roch was the "most uncomfortable ship I ever sailed in"

that country in that size of a ship for all the ice in China."

The point was, they were because Henry Larsen asked them. Only someone with a significant obsession and an extensive grasp of human nature could have shaped that grab bag crew into an instrument capable of doing something no one had ever done before. "A true Viking" is the phrase that Fort Haines, the shipping town closest to Larsen, and is now an administrative with the Manitoba Department of Highways used to describe him.

Larsen died in 1964. When you study his photograph and subtract the RCMP uniform (which, no question, did the trick), the features that the sharp blue eyes, the permanent squint to keep out the weather, belong to a man in the helm of a ship with a great curved prow shaped like a dragon, not the lumbering hull of St. Roch. Still, a Viking ship would have been uncomfortable in the ice. Larsen called St. Roch "the most uncomfortable ship I ever sailed in." But the ice-shaped hull, which wallowed in the open sea, he could ride up over floes without being crushed, was the reason she endured.

High summer and a track of the mystic led Larsen to his "risky destiny," as he liked to call her. He was born in

1899 in southern Norway, a few miles from the birthplace of Roald Amundsen, the great explorer best remembered for having beaten Scott to the South Pole. While Larsen was starting school, Amundsen was in the mode of his first great exploit, wriggling the 15-ton herring boat Gipsa through the Northeast Passage, the first step in history to do it from east to west, the journey took nearly three years, two of them spent hunkered down in the ice of King William Island.

At 15, Larsen went off to sea in a square-rigger; at 23, he was mate of a Norwegian freighter. One afternoon on the Seattle waterfront he decided to meet Amundsen face to face. "I had to get North," he wrote later.

Larsen learned that the Muscovites planned to build a schooner to sail the western Arctic. So he came to Canada. In the spring of 1918, the St. Roch joined for the famous Quebec punch of Justice Minister Ernest Lapointe was commissioned in Vancouver. Larsen, by now a redoubtable sea pilot, was posted west. Within six months he was staggered and for the next dozen years "Harpoon Unhappy" Olafsen with the Big Ship, as the Indians called him, pined between Vancouver and Cambridge Bay, sometimes spending as much as four

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The first time out the engine broke down

was much harder. Except for the engine. Corporal Bill Peters, the captain of the first run that had disappeared. Larsen's first move was to place a long distance call to Edmunds to Constable Phil Hunt, a submarine who, Larsen knew, had his own knowledge of the port. Hunt was reluctant. "I felt I couldn't afford to waste years sitting in the Arctic again." Eventually he agreed. "When I got to Halifax, history took me aboard and pointed out the new deckhouse and the new engine. Then he took me into his cabin for a drink. And it was quiet. We looked at each other. And like two dumb kids we started blubbering. Guess that, Police officers. Tears."

A couple of days later, on the Halifax Dartmouth ferry, Larsen met two husky Newfoundland seamen, Frank Matthews and Stan McKenna. "We got talking," McKenna, who's stuck on duty next on the CN ferry Bluenose, recalls, "and we went to Dartmouth and we got to tomorrow the ferry had docked and left again and we were on our way back to Halifax. So we went back to Dartmouth and about St. Roch and Larsen talked us into going."

The new pair of recruits, G. B. Dickson, cook, and Lloyd Russell, who became radio operator, were RCMP men frustrated at sitting on the ground. "I'd taken Monte Carlo," says Russell, who now works aboard an oceanographic ship out of San Diego. "But I'd never ever sent or received a message. First one I sent, my boat went out near Newfoundland and we were lost. Henry asked me to call up the shore station and get a message." He Orms. Constable Jim Dykalo, in the middle of a riding course, was also yearning for adventure. The three of these three were recruited from the headquarters desk. Constable Jimmy Wood rounded up a pair of Scandinavian-born old Arctic hands. Old ones. Thirty years' service. Old Admirals, who became crew. Lieutenant in Victoria, Stan Stokman's party on his epic sled trek across the ice of the Beaufort Sea. Rudolph Johnson, who became second engineer, was also in his late sixties. And finally, Larsen signed aboard Billy Cash, an apprentice in Halifax Shipyard, and now a construction worker in the Yukon. At 16, Cash was legally too young to take such a step as Larsen made him wait.

The first time out, the new engine, rattled into service without proper trials, overheated and nearly set fire to the deck. "Never" wrote Larsen. "Had anyone prepared to badly for an Arctic voyage?" The St. Roch finally steamed out

Larsen picked up an Eskimo to serve as guide and hunter. He brought his wife, his mother, five children and 17 dogs

of Halifax on July 22, 1944, a sunny midsummer day. This was dangerously late in the season but for the first couple of weeks up the coast of Labrador all was smooth. By early August, with Buffalo Island in sight, ice began to appear in quantities. "One night Frank Matthews was on watch," McKenna recalls. "The Old Man was asleep and there was this big berg ahead of us. Frank looked at it, took it for a low cloud, and just he let that thing dead on."

At Pand Island, Larsen picked up an Eskimo, Joe Pongakshuk, to serve as guide and hunter through the winter. They half expected to spend locked in ice. With Pongakshuk's wife, his mother, five children — and 17 sled dogs. The family pitched a tent on top of the deckhouse, the dogs were lodged in the cargo hold. "There were real mouse dogs," says McKenna. "One day I slipped and a dog took me by the ass of the pants and took a piece out of me. I picked up a big piece of rope that was loose and I put it in that dog. Old Larsen came up behind me. He had his mouth open about two feet. While he was howling at me, the dog grabbed ahold of him. Then I turned around and had the laugh."

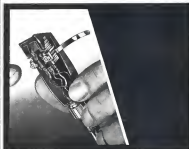
The Eskimo had his own problems of equipment. The strange ship was carrying them hundreds of miles from home. There was strange food to eat. "Every once in a while, in some greasy spoon restaurant I would find the same smelly," says Mary Pongakshuk. Constable who was right there and is now a trading company in Buffalo Narrows, Saskatchewan. "And I can't bring myself to eat tougher stuff." Only Larsen, constantly joking and coping, made the journey bearable. "I really loved him. I never saw a man like him again." The older women served pork for everyone. Pongakshuk's as a hunter provided walrus to feed the dogs and polar-bear blubber for the crew. Out of pocket, Mary's 16-year-old brother, Arneak, owned a superb figure of Larsen, then young 1 year in the Vancouver apartment of Larsen's widow, full of wit and resources.

Arneak kept his own log in a bequipped middle of poetry and broken English. "A lot more sea life" he wrote on August 21 — not remembered but recalled. The day before, at Beechey Island, the St. Roch had led up to a rendezvous with his history. As Pongakshuk later. "It is said that the old days some while ago get lost and the head of the expedition was never found though many ships called here searching for him. The name of that man was Franklin. On the island I

saw some stone markers and the graves of white men." Arneak, the crew left records of their own passing in brass cylinders. Larsen posed for a photograph by the Franklin Monument, erected in 1856 at Lady Franklin's behest. "I found I could see his tall majestic ships, sailing here 90 years before."

Each day now at the St. Roch showed

through Lancaster and Melville Sounds, was in endless procession of fog, snow and ice. Larsen and his crew spent hours in the crew's next stop the 65-foot-high fortress, spending for leads in the ice. Without some arctic equipment there were endless dead-endings to be taken by a crewman standing on a lead of jagged ice to the starboard line



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TAKING WINTER IN STRIDE

A cross-country guide to plotting good moves close to nature, close to home — and close at hand

BY ROY MACGREGOR

Knowing that it's eventually becoming these moments you can't forget, there is one memory I'm particularly keen to saving the last of mine to hide. Eliza, my wife, and I left Quebec City by car very early one day last February, going northeast to the village of St. Anne de la Rivière. We passed the houses and streets north toward Parc du Mont-Sainte-Anne where we paid \$4.50 each for a full day's rental of complete cross-country skiing equipment. Skis, boots and poles, no tow skins necessary. Then we asked the staff down from the long main stairs to the side of the mountain where the major staples will stand but where most of the rougher terrain that once held up during the spring separating off are used now to winter race slopes for advanced skiers. And where the tracks formerly trod by farmers' cattle now belong to a new generation, whose only similarity to the farmers is simple taste and a dedicated belief in sport.

We were there on a cold day — not so cold that, as my younger grandfather would have said, you could freeze your shadow in the ground but cold enough. And so we were well bundled when we set off waddling and falling through the winter forest. It was the first time on skis for both of us, and we were surprised to find after three miles or so that we were no longer cold. Fact is, we were sweating. I stopped to check back to see the Jean LeRoux River, which was frozen in places, even in others as if wading through the thick winter crystal. And I imagined myself to be a great Canadian poet, slipping through long strands of placid spruce trees all grown in the same height and powdered like green soldiers with great quantities of frost-fallen snow. I was searching for other such melancholy images and waiting for Eliza to ski alongside and join in my sight. But she never arrived. And, after a while, I looked back and saw this rather intelligent and unspoiled figure back down the trail. Her lungs so loaded with moisture from her breath that carbon dust they had frozen like a

mask over her eyes. Half her face was in shadow, she couldn't see my face, and cross-country skiers are never propped in her laugh, and in most that followed to that moment two Canadians who had previously gone to any ends to avoid winter realized they had just fallen in love with it. For the first time we noticed that February can be fun.

Perhaps if I had really been a great Canadian poet — like say, Alden Nowlan — I would have been able to put it all into words, as Nowlan did in *Canadian Love Song*. *December is a drunken monster long/Talks one afternoon, then/never more silent would learn how to posture for*

It's assumed that there are at least 200,000 cross-country skiers in Canada and most of them take it as an excuse to winter. To understand the sport's new popularity think of it as the winter relaxation of some of the better summer dreams of the Sixties. A frozen wilderness. All the back-to-the-land hopes, the communion with nature, the fight against wastage — these ideas are incarnate in cross-country skiing. Better yet, it combines the outdoors with hard physical exercise and silence, meaning no gasoline required. It's less comprehensive than downhill skiing in a sense when people talk about making the winter a bit of fun, it's something the whole family can do together and along the same trail. Unlike Alpine skiing where expensive districts where each person skis. The silence is additive to people who spend all week in a city. Alpine skiing, for all its good points, also means Cui Stevens blasting out of stereo speakers. (Singers' images, hills that sit with people's loud machinery and expensive fashion parties. When yet, downhill skiing is very restrictive. The mountain rules the skier. You can go anywhere on cross-country skis, all you need is snow. What's more, there's a sense of style to the sport, the more minimalist you become with it the more conscious you become of such qualities as weather (the spring that comes from the arch of the

ski), the best base (for instance, birch barks was better than balsam, but it doesn't stand up as well), bindings (whether toe or cable-heel) and wearing the mystique of all in snow.

Fortunately for cross-country skiing, its popularity has coincided with the strong cross-hike or ski. People begin looking for places close to home in winter when they start skiing, and whereas a good hill might be a joy ride away, a good field is often just a walk away. Further, in a time of runaway inflation, cross-country skiing is virtually free. Once you buy equipment you never need to spend another cent, when you wish to ski on private trails or specially marked public ones. Clothing is pretty well what you already have at hand, and cross-country style follows the fashion school of the night — fashion follows fashion.

It came along cheap and very good for you, at a time when most Canadians begin taking winter breaks. No longer are winter holidays the prime joy of school kids back presidents and lemons — we all take them. And it's getting more and more difficult to spend a week or two on a local beach. The one fire season of this February (10,950 had already been capped up in July 1995) and thousands to jump again before the new year (a further 22,400).

What all these trends hold down to, then, is a winter break in what amounts to your own backyard. Marlowe has anticipated to find one, and in some cases more, such backyards for each province (if we tried for any more, this magazine would be as thick as an *Almanac*). All plans mentioned are within city weekend reach of my census and, for out-of-province visitors who come for a week or more, they all offer nearby accommodation information on which can be obtained from the provincial tourism offices. What follows is an arbitrary survey of backyards you can borrow, and if it fails to touch upon the northern regions and the territories, that's only because these people are already very much aware of what their



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE CANADIAN CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING ASSOCIATION



When Voltaire dismissed the new colony as only a "few acres of snow" he was considerably underestimating

backcountry set. Right behind the house: Border if you're into cross-country skiing, snowmobiling or even ice fishing; the Northwest Territories and the Yukon would be your idea of paradise. This guide is one instance where it's the rest of Canada we worried about.

Quebec As mentioned, my own introduction to cross-country skiing was in Quebec, which is where all discussions of the sport in Canada should begin. Cross-country begins here and was first revealed here. Add any province that has snowmobiling from areas where skiing and snowboarding are encouraged deserves all the praise it gets. With more than 1,500 miles of groomed trails and several great recreational parks providing facilities for the sport (Mount Orford, Mount Tremblant, Parc Sacré, Mont Ste-Anne, Laurentides and Duchesnay), Quebec is still the best cross-country province in Canada. The sport dates back to the early 1930s when Herman "Jackschick" Seath-Ahrensma mapped out the famous Maple Leaf Trail, starting near Montreal and meandering north to Mount Tremblant. That was the first serious attempt to get Canadians interested in the Nordic sport that dates back at least to 2500 B.C. Unfortunately, it wasn't totally successful. But had more people followed Jackschick back in the Thirties they might still be sking today, as in Helsinki, Finland, some 60 and planning to go back to Norway and do some thing as colorful as his one-hundredth birthday.

The great cross-country reveal of the Seventies didn't take place so much around the old Maple Leaf Trail. Far around Quebec City, where every Sunday more than 10,000 people pour onto the trails, even mapping out new routes on the Plains of Abitibi. In the past few years, cross-country skiing in the area has multiplied 10 times, suggesting that one attraction is turning to much money at the sport is that you have to cross almost talk over to spend on Quebec City trails.

Most like areas where any wife and I went, is only one of them: cross-country within an hour or so of the city. Ste-Anne, considered with Parc des Laurentides and Station Forestière de Duchesnay, offer 140 miles of marked trails (a cross-country skier can be online with 10 to 15 miles in a day, though some experts will do 35 or more). The trails are groomed daily — absolutely immaculate — and detailed maps announcing "You are here" point out directions, give the altitude and, often, even the degree of difficulty for a

particular trail. Many of these trails, mainly the expert ones with long and treacherous downhill runs, are marked with orange — not way. Which is the only way, when perhaps you're not quite in control.

Camp Menteur at Parc des Laurentides gives equal billing to experts (snowmobiling, a lot of trails for their needs, see me mapped out. Not only are snowmobilers lured from these paths, but cross-country people too. So regard and equivalent is the surrounding fact that a Camp Menteur rule demands that if any car is still in the lot come dusk, a search party is called out. People familiar with winter tightrope, particularly on snowshoes, soon become aware of what George Herbert meant when he wrote in his "Every one is a winter," and mean that a few snowmobile hikers have been delighted to hear the sore-throated words of Camp Menteur rescue hikers from the main lot and walk to their doom.

For those who fear the lack of groomed or groomed cross-country skiing and snowmobiling the Quebec City area offers one sport that involves only skiing and snowmobiling. That's tobogganing, and though it's for more than one, this is not winter, it's every bit as exciting. The famous area outside the Chateau Frontenac (see picture page 102) is one of the best facilities in Canada, and there are several other good ones in the area. But wherever the snow is good to be kept, it means that the Quebec City area has a winter climate somewhat akin to the Alps, meaning wonderful evenings of more than 120 inches. When Voltaire dismissed the colony as only a "few acres of snow" he was considerably underestimating.

Ontario Several million more seem to be in the land in Ontario, though it does far behind Quebec in cross-country skiing and snowmobiling facilities, but which still is something of a paradise for those who believe in the winter wonder sports. Right now, five areas are developed and all have quality accommodation. There are five main trails around Thunder Bay (Mossy Baldy, Mount McKay, Mount Norway, Pine Top and Centennial Park, which is right in the city center) and these are also as in that slightly obscure part of the country, offering occasional glimpses of north Lake Superior. Good trails can also be found around Collingwood, Barrie, Peterborough and at Camp Fensholt, which is actually in Quebec's Gaspésie Hills, but closer to

skiers from Ottawa, just 15 miles away.

Yet most quite common up to Montreal and the Lakeshore. Lakeshore is the very best in Ontario. Lakeshore's terrain and lodge setting comes perhaps as close as possible to duplicating the cross-country mood of Norway and Sweden. Thanks to, of all things, the logging industry of Muskoka, most of the bush is ideal for walking and skiing. Trees have breathing space, you're not forever walking your way through a midway crowd of evergreens. But logging still are the hundreds of cabins that left over from logging days. Old corduroy roads, built by placing logs side by side transversely, can still be found. Three forgotten roads along with old logging tracks and a network of logging roads, the capillaries through Muskoka, taking skiers back to deserted logging camps and lakes that still have enough fish in them to make cutting a hole in the ice and dropping a few northwesterly. Lakeshore is located on Highway 60 about 37 miles northwest of Huntsville. Less than three hours from Toronto. Hidden among the pine, cedar and birch are past log cabins that date back more 50 years to the time when Lakeshore was an exclusive private resort. The almost fading remains: push leather chairs, ornate high granite and quartz fireplace, mounted lake trout and smallmouth bass. If the map says "And spread out over the lake's 3,600 acres or so are 25 kilometers of impeccably groomed and well-maintained trails, though hundreds of miles of other trails, unmarked, are immediately accessible. Lakeshore is supposed to be saying there (last year) more \$145 for a Muskoka (Probyn's) with a cabin only two dollars to use the facilities, so if you're missing equipment, and that brings you into the lake, you'll find everything you need: a sleeping bag, a tent, a hammer and a shillboard or a flatterer's Ringer. Most beverage rooms.

Should you happen to be there on the first Sunday after New Year's, a 25-mile trip back toward Toronto will bring you to the village of Port Severn and the site of the Muskoka Loppet, one of Canada's largest, single-day cross-country events. It attracts skiers from all over the country, the real experts who would be in that slightly obscure part of the country only to them and to marathon walkers.

The Lakeshore area is also excellent for ice fishing: neither expensive water nor money that not only saves on energy costs, but food costs as well. Leaving

Newfoundland's Avalon Peninsula is the ice fisherman's paradise — the limit's 24 trout per day per person

Lombard, on cross-country skis, as snowshoes will bring you very shortly to your pick of a half dozen lakes, this is speckled trout, lake trout, whitefish and perch. All you need is warm shoes, no ice auger to cut through to the water, a jigging stick, hat, boots and bait. A fish is optional.

Newfoundland Flasks might be classified as essential equipment further east, in much colder Newfoundland, where ice fishing is a winter activity for centuries across the country taking through there are several clubs, and ice major meets were held there last season. Each winter week-end the people pour out of St. John's for a little jigging. Rod Syper, manager of Blower Mountain Sports Centre near the capital claims he sells as many as 5,000 pairs of live bait a week-end, and in sales to chaotic anglers, hooks and lures have doubled each year for the past few. It's understandable, the limit is 24 trout per day per person and there's yet to be a black fly or mosquito reported.

The biggest ice fishing season has been in January "January" along the Avalon Peninsula. Few people would agree that fully one third of the island is water, and there are literally hundreds of rivers and lakes close to St. John's which are accessible by walking or by snow machine. Carleton Place and Paddy's Pond, both only 15 miles from the city along the Trans-Canada Highway, offer good trout fishing, mostly common lake and speckled trout. Quaintness (which goes up in live poultry) and scenic views are also loved. Newfoundland requires license to fish, but they only cost five dollars per person or \$7.50 for the entire family.

Cross-country in Newfoundland is a safe activity, but even the ski trail and the terrain it will likely soon catch up and pass ice fishing. The province's most popular idea is a ski loan service, where stations have been set up in 23 counties to provide skis for fishermen who do not have their own equipment. More than 100 full sets of equipment are made available through this service, making Newfoundland easily the country's best winter bargain.

PEI On another Atlantic island, Prince Edward Island winter's more snow-covered overlooks back to cross-country skiing. The best runs are the Banquo Hills Hiking Trail, 15 miles southeast of Charlottetown. Created by the Red Cross in a winter hiking area, the trail is now used for cross-country

and downhill as well. Separated and well-wooded trails begin from five to seven miles (at the start of the morning point), and it's possible to do the more 20-mile trail in one day.

But if you're not turned on by cross-country skiing (and it's virtually impossible to turn on to downhill skiing in PEI since there's only one hill, Backside, in central Queens County), then there's always ice skating. The 20 indoor rinks are either overcrowded or by the several hundred temporary skis, the firm overnight when the temperature drops, but the snow doesn't fall — which happens regularly on the island. And in keeping with the area's gentleness, it's not unusual for a live hand to gather in a frozen pond and play for the skaters. That, though, has to be seen as he believed. Norman Riverview paintings aren't supposed to happen anymore, not even on PEI.

New Brunswick On the mainland, Maritimers are heading to Muskeg Provincial Park, just 15 miles outside Fredericton. It's a perfect winter setting for the mind of the Maritimer. A series of cross-country trails have been set up to accommodate skiers attempting to raise, exploration or just good, warm exercise. Muskeg was the site of the 1970 Winter Cross-Country Ski Championships, which should give you an indication of the quality of the trails. At the cross lodge in the park, the ground floor has been set aside specifically as a self-managed and warm room for skiers. And 10 miles of trails have been set aside for the exclusive use of snowshoos. Cross-country and snowshoe trails never intersect, and both types are kept the way from the park's snowmobile trails. Skiers are offered their choice of two ponds complete with warming shacks and puped-in skis, and there's even a selection of delicious hotdogs too.

All the above, however, require work, and Muskeg has thoughtfully provided for the more, disinterested winter snail. Sundays, at one in the afternoon two teams of horses set off on a two-hour sking ride around the park. About all the participants had to do to enjoy this is get dressed, onto the sleigh and with a handy but well-sorted wine skin to while away the time, getting off the sleigh at noon and should be the least of winter. A full wine skin is also good costume reward as ice fishing boots, and you can fish in the little pond for small-

mouth bass and perch. For fishing holes aren't large (eight or nine inches wide from the water) and there's yet to be a report of someone slipping through one. And judging by the belly size of an average ice fisherman, there's little likelihood of that excellent safety record ever being broken.

Nova Scotia One winter afternoon in Nova Scotia is the confidence fishing on the salt water is one of the many river systems, or on the bay and inlets of the Atlantic coast. Cross-country along, however, is just beginning. At present there are few facilities, and enthusiasts make do mainly with the forest areas around the Atlantic ski resorts and in two national parks, Cape Breton Highlands and Kejigogik, where they follow hiking trails of improved trails.

There are a few miles of maintained cross-country trails at the Cape Breton Ski Club located at Ben Egan, overlooking the Ben Egan Lake some 17 miles west of Sydney. There's a 400-foot "mountain" that is lighted up at night, ranges every week, but though they downhill skiers these nights, cross-country skiers only come out on full moons. One plus for sking at the club is that there's fairly good daily bus connections throughout the industrial Cape Breton area.

Vastly to the other end of the province, near Middleton in the Annapolis Valley, the Twin Oaks Ski Area also offers limited cross-country skiing. Enthusiasts are encouraged to use the summer trail trails that spread out into the hills, but where snowshoos are encouraged to use the very same trail a lot of the chain is lost. Cross-country skiing with ear plugs is about as much fun as making love through the walls.

Manitoba There are those who argue that to really have Canadian winters you must first survive out in the West. It's a different season, a different place, and in 1973 someone at the area club later became the province of Manitoba described the place as being "seven months of Arctic winter and five months of cold weather." What Manitoba has lately done to make winter less likely would make you wonder why farmers pay for man and not snow. For the long months that used to be spent around the pot-belly are now spent on skis or in the shelter of an ice hut. A short drive from Winnipeg will take you to a number of lakes, all open to winter fishing and all packed right with fish,





Southern Manitoba and Saskatchewan have an advantage over the rest of the country — they're already well-groomed ski trails

wholly, like trout and walleye.

For fishing is at its best in Whiteshell Provincial Park, less than 100 miles east of Winnipeg, right on the Ontario border. Most of the lakes in this area yield northern pike, walleye and perch. There is no limit on perch nor on walleye, which are abundant in nearby Falcon Lake, and it is with these two variety of fish that the Manitowish fishermen catch their odds: they use perch eyes to catch their perch, and it's commonly believed that eggshells thrown through the jigging hole attract walleye. They are both true fishermen's tales, but perhaps not so odd for a province in the land it's renowned for producing fishermen go out early in the morning with a device and just to find the lake.

As for cross-country, it's the latest growing sport in the province. Trails are being developed in the eastern part of the province at Riding Mountain National Park (where there's also Alpine skiing) and at Whiteshell Provincial Park. But Manitoba has a great cross-country advantage over the rest of the country that goes to the east — after all, most of the province is already a well-groomed trail.

Saskatchewan

A well-groomed trail, too, is Saskatchewan, but the great cross-country trail that's the best recent for the "winter" sports of cross-country and snowshoeing are both man-made, artificial structures. The first and finest of the two is Moose Blanking, about 30 miles directly southeast of Saskatoon. Built during 1979 out of 800,000 cubic yards of earth, the 300-foot "snowsweeper" allows for downhill ski runs in the 1,800-foot range, which is not bad. Blanking, built in the 1970s Canadian Winter Games, also features an excellent three-and-a-half mile cross-country trail, and there's a toboggan slide and a small rink which is lighted for the purpose of night skating. There are also kindred cross-country skiing facilities at White Truck Winter Resort, the oldest (1962) ski area in the province. Located on the high slopes of the beautiful Qu'Appelle Valley in Southwestern Saskatchewan, about 22 miles northeast of Moose Jaw, the resort offers only one trail, 3.6 kilometers long. A good day of cross-country exercise would require four or five of even so, even around the track, which, if it doesn't have you, would certainly bring on dizzy spells. There's always a change-of-pace close at hand, though, in White Truck. Also has facilities for skating and tobogganing.

The other man-made structure is Lake Diefenbaker, not far from Blackstrap (about 30 miles) and located roughly in the center of the province by Saskatoon, Swift Current and Regina. Completed in 1967 at a cost of \$116 million, Lake Diefenbaker is 140 miles long and is undoubtedly the largest artificial lake in the world. Eight million acres, 18 million picked and 9,000 lake trout have been used to stock it. In 1973 alone, the provincial department of Tourism and Recreation planned approximately 375,000 acres of five species, 15.2 million picked and 9,000 lake trout have been used to stock it. In 1973 alone, the provincial department of Tourism and Recreation planned approximately 375,000 acres of five species, 15.2 million picked and 9,000 lake trout have been used to stock it. In 1973 alone, the provincial department of Tourism and Recreation planned approximately 375,000 acres of five species, 15.2 million picked and 9,000 lake trout have been used to stock it.

Alberta

No man-made structure is in Alberta. At Jasper you can cross-country ski 82 miles of the year on the ice fields, and in Banff National Park last winter from 300 to 1,200 people a weekend were going cross-country in the park. If you're coming from Calgary, 120 miles east, Banff, which is much better known for Alpine skiing, also has close to 700 miles of summer hiking and horse trails and these have been opened up for Nordic skiing. There are 16 marked trails, making 65 miles of organized cross-country facilities. Courses vary in difficulty and length (two to eight miles) and the great thing about cross-country in Banff is that you can phone in for a taped telephone message on the latest weather and snow conditions.

So cross-country is gaining in popularity in the Canadian Rockies, and though the top cross-country skiing, it could be looked to continue the two. The background for most cross-country activity are groomed trails, open fields and even golf courses, the equivalent for ski maintenance are groomers, narrow gauge and road-lanes. In its maintenance all the equipment is standard, particularly the sleds. You'll need climbing sticks for uphill travel and warm, leather Vibram-soled ski mountaineering boots. Participants must be prepared for such unforeseen emergencies as becoming the night in the mountains, finding a bag or two or suddenly finding yourself under a few tons of snow. Not exactly fun for the whole family.

British Columbia One of the few winter vacation areas where the most popular snow activity is not cross-country skiing is the British Columbia Coast. Alpine skiing from far above the cloud level is not altogether new, but for the first time the cost has come within range of the average skier. Helicopter skiing used to cost for the whole trip — gas, lift, permits, food — from \$375 to \$700 a week. Now it can be done for less than half that amount.

Two local men, Bob Ambrose and Roger Medica, bought themselves a Soviet-made, eight-passenger Pilatus Porter airplane that was specially designed for high altitude mountain flying. The aircraft — one of the STOL (short-take-off-landing) type — requires a mere 300 feet of runway, so it can do the job of a ski lift. The plane is a two-engine helicopter can. Last year, Ambrose and Medica began shuttling skiers up to the Powell Mountain, immediately adjacent to the famous Hughson ski area, and 98 miles east of Kamloops. The flight is only 15 miles from Calgary and 98 miles from Vancouver, BC, both of which have airports and both of which offer good bus service. Once in Kamloops Hill Springs, you can have the cost of your transport for only \$10 a day and be guaranteed 10,000 season-free of perfect snow conditions, ideal for powder and those who can't tolerate ski lifts. Additional skiing is available at \$2.50 per 1,000 feet. The lift is 10,000 feet usually takes you to the top of the mountain you're a dozen or more places.

There's also a ski-week package from Monday to 30,000 vertical feet of skiing (which, if it were possible, to do it once, is roughly like skiing on a plane 10 miles high), plus five nights at Kamloops Hill Springs, including the chaperones, and three meals a day, for those who don't get sick.

Personally, I'm not ready for glacier skiing. I haven't even had a full season of cross-country on my own. But I know when I'm hooked. Only a month before I had tried the sport I had gone to Sweden with a mutual hockey team, to a town in a town so far north that night lasted 30 hours. It was January, right in the height of the winter season, and gas was severely rationed. Yet out in the snow and of two expensive winter lights burned well into the long night, marking out a rather crowded municipal cross-country trail. I wondered then how the Swedes could see such a priority. Now I know. ☐

SHOWING CANADA AS IT IS: THE HARD PART BEGINS

By John Hofess

"What can I do for you, Johnny?" Most Margulies turned back to his chair and did a soft-shoe twist from side to side. Immediately upon being introduced he changed my name to Johnny. He brushed something invisible from the sleeve of his \$300 suit. Every now and then he'd lean back like a dion about to burst. "Easy-baby, how are you, Johnny?" he'd say into the telephone. "Easy-baby, how are you?" he'd begin another conversation. The president of Kino Films was a master of the heavy cliché.

"I've just seen a great Canadian film," I told him. "Claude Jutra's *Mon Oncle Antoine*." He smiled. On the set he sat with his eyes lit up and began looking down a column of figures, slowly tracing each line of it with his thumb. "Speak up," he ordered.

"Claude Jutra needs a distributor for his film. I saw a rough cut in Montreal last week. It's up for grabs!" It was May, 1971. The film had already sat shelved for four months in need of distribution.

"The only thing worse than a Canadian movie," Margulies remarked, "is a French-Canadian movie."

He probed an intricate button and dictated a fax memo. "I'm going to tell you something, Johnny." He already had my attention but he pointed it all away. "I've been in this business for 42 years. I've seen a lot of good films fail and a lot of bad ones succeed."

I was going to comment with him for having had a life so riddled with irony.

Then I realized he had divulged his basic business ethic: "Johnny," Margulies remarked, "when you tell film to me you have to know what you're talking about. I haven't any time for this crap stuff!"

"You haven't seen *Mon Oncle Antoine*," I objected. "I'll tell you something Johnny," he repeated, "I don't think very many people are going to go to a film with a title like that. That's my opinion, and that's based on 42 years in the business. You should tell what's his name, to enter his film in a festival. As it stands, it's an unknown film by a nobody."

Mon Oncle Antoine went on to become the most acclaimed and popular Canadian film of the year. It was not until it became an established movie that Margulies turned to see it. "A can-can film," he once said to me. That was his only comment.

Discrepancy about the status of Canadian movies often sound like the Tower of Babel on a busy afternoon. But what is there to dispute?

We can make films here with American stars. We can televise into a plot's percolation so that Canada becomes known as the place that looks like anywhere, everywhere and nowhere. We can blend ourselves into America's melting pot and disappear altogether. We may tell some of these perfectly homogenized Canadian-American movies, even have a few hits to the lucrative U.S. market, but why not just buy shares in Paramount and be done with it?

The alternative may not pay as well immediately, but it represents a long-range investment in Canada's future. It's the choice made by those who want to see Canada have more

than a branch plant film industry — a film culture, quite a different thing. We have not been failing for years — in some ways — when films such as *Mon Oncle Antoine*, *As of the Heart*, *The Awakenings*, *Wedding in White* and *Kanawake*, among others, lasted only a few weeks in their U.S. engagements (but didn't secure any bookings at all). The fact is an authentic Canadian film would be as unappealing to Americans as black movies are to whites, or Québécois films are to most English audiences. Our best films express different themes, different dreams and are made with a different sensibility than can be found in American movies. They have deep roots, and they have their love.

It is no doubt a sign of progress that Claude Jutra's film didn't have to be peddled in a begging manner anymore, but there is always a new group of worthy unknowns who still go the rounds of knocking on doors, fighting for recognition. Paul Lynch's *The Mud Face Begins*, a first feature produced for \$95,000 under the CFBC's low-budget plan to encourage new directors, is a marvelous piece of work. Life in Ontario's Quarks isn't exactly my favorite subject, so this movie about Ben King, a rambling country-and-westerns singer who plays a circuit of small towns, and who at age 40 finds his past catching up with him, mostly an unpleasant story, had a lot to do to win me over. It succeeded mainly through its thoroughly convincing performances by Donnelly Rhodes, Nancy Belle Miller (see photo), Robert Houkman, Doug Macleish and David Daniels, all of whom make their presence felt. A low budget tends to guarantee the talent of film directors, it's no accident that of their probable dozens merit. In making *The Ten Commandments* showman Cecil B. De Mille could afford to make numerous errors (with almost wooden actors speaking laughable lines) yet so long as someone got the Red Sea to part impressively. On a low-budget film, where an army of craftsmen go to work (and a certain percentage are bound to do their job well) about any film will look good in some respects and have possible entertainment value. But in making a feature such as *The Hard Part Begins*, scriptwriter John Clifford Blaxter and director Paul Lynch had to make dozens of decisions exactly right in order to maintain one's interest and respect. There are no floods, earthquakes or fires to save the film on the basis of special effects if the dramatic goals were done badly. It succeeds simply as a modest human drama of great integrity.

I don't know which group of film makers will ultimately prevail in Canada — those who are Canadian only in a legal and technical sense and use government funds to subsidize making American movies, or those who are Americans in a profound psychological sense and whose films arise forth from our social experiences.

If a Canadian film is indistinguishable from an American film — if, that is, it could just as well have been produced by Paramount's Bob Evans — then we will don't have a film industry, even in 1974. We need to get our priorities straight. What we don't need is more exploitation and cultural schizophrenia, more gaggle, whether in politics, industry, sports or the arts, who stilt out and call it success.



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SOAP OPERAS: DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON



By Philip Marchand

Watching daytime TV has been something that people mostly admit to in extreme situations, such as when they've been laid up in a hospital room convalescing from a severe case of yaws. As for watching the staple of daytime TV, the venerable soap opera — one might as well confine to masturbation. Soap operas are like the *Jeune*, those photographed comic strips beloved by semiberbare Europeans — educated, middle-class people find them painful to contemplate, like the masters of natural child.

Soap operas, however, are very popular. It's estimated that 929,000 Canadians, for instance, watch *The Edge Of Night* regularly, and 656,000 watch *Family Court*. They are also a pure form of television, and, if nothing else, they tell a great deal about how the machine is used. Television, although it is the newest and most technologically sophisticated of media, has always relied heavily on the form and convention of one of the oldest media — the theater. Soap operas could be mounted on stage with only slight modifications. Television has added only the use of the close-up and the fade-out at critical points in the dialogue to maintain suspense.

The new "cycle" of prime time TV dramas, heavily into cops, lawyers and doctors, is a reminder of how little TV has strayed from the soap opera, even to cinema. The storytelling in soap opera land are these same professional men, the doctors, lawyers, police detectives — wrestling with the same dilemmas as their counterparts in prime time.

An unhappy wife on *The Edge Of Night* tells her husband, the doctor, why he has rebelled so many experiments for the cure, and he responds, "Because I'm trying to accommodate people." Clinging to him like a wholesome little soap, a cheerleader intoning Mae West, she protests, "Daddy ever think about, uh . . . *unaccommodating* me?" No way, lady! A professional man in a soap opera could no more think of belting back from the human furnace around him than the Duke of Northumberland in a Shakespeare history play would belting back from a dynastic war to look after the wife and kids.

The two most interesting soap operas around, *Family Court* and *The Edge Of Night*, are carried by CBC. *Family Court* stands out partly because of its deviation from the standard format and partly because it's so hot. Most soap operas, like 14-year-old *Days of Our Lives*, are obviously smug with the fact that you and I are misunderstanding are uncomprehending, and that any resolution in the conflicts and miseries of their characters can only be, at best, flimsy. *Family Court*, however, takes a more optimistic view. Most of the conflicts are wrapped up in two or three episodes, often to the satisfaction of all the principal characters. Men who end up in family court are treated sympathetically by the judge, social worker and psychiatrist attached to the court, and hysterical or incomprehending outbursts are mollified by the assurance that institutions such as training schools and sheltered workshops can help strengthen out any problems.

Such faith in these institutions, aside from being a gross anathema to the audience, is also practically a heresy in the rest of soap opera land, where entire operas cannot be so stashed to bloom by even the kindest and most knowledgeable

horrorfanatic. As the psychiatrist in *Jeune* (CTV) remarks, apropos the psychotic wife of one of the characters, "You can't really protect the fathers of a person's life — in the case of a person like Martin Parker the most you can do is control it." The same social optimism displayed cannily in *Family Court* goes hand in hand with a level of writing that is reminiscent of the kind of suburban novels churned out by retired high-school teachers.

The selling (with the exception of the regular, the sober white handler) Judge Cameron and the maternal social worker, Mrs. Scott) is equally gaudy. This is a point worth noting, because the acting and writing on other soap operas can be quite polished — certainly no worse than prime time television dramas. Most actors are dying to do soap operas — the money is good, and it is all daytime work, which leaves them free to do serious performing in the evening. The people who cast them are pretty well into their peak. It is therefore mildly perplexing that most of the characters who appear in *Family Court* are portrayed by people who seem to be laboring under the first symptoms of aphasia. Mildly perplexing — but hardly disturbing since extensive optimism in a soap opera is no more troubling than excessive gaudiness in a Italian style featuring drag queens.

If *Family Court* is laudible soap opera, *The Edge Of Night*, which CBC has carried for the past eight years, is soap opera in its nearly perfect state. It has a full range of characters: the rapturously handsome Adam Drake (the very name a suspension of civility), such fine, valuable young ladies as Laurie Karr, in love with Johnny Dallas, a world-weary but basically decent substitute of the shadow woman between the Mob and respectable folk; Geraldine Winney, a domineering matriarch; plus dignitaries, hoodlums, fighting cops and renegade parents-in-law.

These characters play for keeps, too — murder is a key element in the plot of *The Edge Of Night*. Murder will provide the most compelling reason for a viewer to keep tuned in from day to day, and the all-embracing grief of characters faced with the murder of loved ones will provide the broadest base for viewer empathy.

Actually "empathy" might be too kind a word. With all the weeping and wailing on this one, viewers are obviously what fancy of the viewers is being tickled. But that is to go from a consideration of the soap opera themselves to the reasons why people — housewives, college students, workers on the graveyard shift, all sorts of people with time on their hands during the afternoon — find them so captivating. It is to ask — granted that all of us need fantasy — why come of us are addicted to fantasies that are otherwise sad and out-of-date as canned vegetables.

Open the doors for the mentally retarded

Today in Canada there are more than one-half million people who are mentally retarded. About two thirds are capable of being trained to become self-supporting members of the community.

Though new techniques many of the mentally retarded have become virtually independent and productive citizens. They have been trained for employment working with goods and a sense of achievement while returning loyalty and conscientious efficiency to their employers.

The doors could be opened for thousands more of the mentally retarded. Given the opportunity they too can be moved from institutions into small home-like settings with community services and eventual placement in industry or business. But that requires a great deal of money. You can help by being generous when asked to contribute during the campaign for funds for the mentally retarded.



THIS MONTH'S TV LISTING

Sonper's Tan's Canada (CBC — September 26, 9 p.m.)

Admission to Love (CBC — September 26, 10 p.m.)

Is There Life After You? (CBC — October 14, 10 p.m.)

the National Program for the Mentally Retarded

MINOR HOCKEY: PLAYING FOR FUN NOT FOR KEEPS



By John Robertson

Your kid's hockey league is starting up for the new season which means it's a good time to find out exactly what's wrong with amateur hockey today.

To ask your son:

And if he's got a little crush, he just might reach out and down a finger off your chest and say, "Now that you mention it, Dad, part of the problem is you."

Much has been made of the excessive pressure to excel that some parents can't resist their hockey-playing sons, as-barring little Egbert to skate faster and score more goals than the kid next door, to win that championship and to always be mindful that Mommy and Daddy are up there in the stands, screaming at the referee, at opposing players and at other parents, because that's their kid out there, and, and nobody is going to push him around.

But all too often, more zealous parents who abhor such crude behavior are guilty of an equally harmful if the more subtle sin — cruel indifference.

Little Johnny may be getting a raw deal from a system that cares only to a select, pampered few — those athletic whippers who get most of the ice time in community-owned arenas while his little brother league team is lucky to play once a week — but the only thing Dad imagines about is having to get up at 6 a.m. to provide Johnny's transportation.

As a parent of a young man of average athletic ability — which means he plays house league instead of on the elite neighborhood team in his age group — I know firsthand about the fearful trip home from the rink after being told, at the age of eight, that Timmy wasn't good enough to play for the big team. If that's not outrageous enough, I saw my son beached in his second home league game because the coach was red and the coach didn't want to use his apron.

There is a gross misconception, perpetrated by the people who run minor hockey in this country, that the more money we spend millions of dollars each year building rinks, organizing leagues and financing our fast in snowmobiles to produce hockey players who will be good enough to make the NHL, and keep leaving the Russians.

You statistics show that less than 1% of all players in amateur hockey will ever play for the pros professionally. Doesn't this suggest to you that we should tailor our amateur hockey programs to better serve that 99% who are just playing the game for the fun of it?

The government of Saskatchewan not only thinks so, as Department of Culture and Youth commissioned an extensive study on the state of minor hockey, and the resulting Hockey Task Force report serves as a devastating document for parents concerned with amateur sports.

The study revealed that the average child in an urban area, for example, it gets to use the local indoor-hockey facility for one hour per week. And since that hour is usually used exclusively for game-type action, it is estimated that a boy might average only 12 minutes of actual ice time.

All of which leads to an obvious conclusion: There is a shameful shortage of indoor rinks in this country.

The Saskatchewan government's Task Force recommends

that the standard should be one indoor-rink per 5,000 people and that the provincial government should provide to assisted municipal governments a capital grants program and/or a revolving fund for the building of new facilities or major renovations to existing facilities.

This gets around the old method of attempting to finance rinks through a municipal referendum. You stick a rink on a referendum, along with a library and maybe additively to school facilities, and the voters wipe out the rink almost every time in a protest against rising taxes.

Most of the community indoor rinks we have now are far too uncomfortable and expensive, including those glassed-in waiting rooms, seats for up to 1,000, and architectural design aimed at pleasing the eye rather than just providing the bare essentials. Like a Montreal firm called Sports Administration Inc., in conjunction with Howie Meeker, may have found the solution to the cost problem. They have developed the Howie Meeker Ice Dome, a bubble-type enclosure which can accommodate an indoor artificial ice rink in winter and can be readily converted to arena in the summer. Simple rinks will be erected in Ontario and Quebec this winter with mass marketing plans aimed at the fall of 1975. The cost is less than half that of a normal indoor rink.

The Task Force Report doesn't just deal with the problem of facilities; it also comes down hard on the abuses of part-time players, recommending that there be no provision for or registration of any player below 10 years of age, and that there be no formal competition at the level. It also suggests that we take much more time to teach these children the fundamental skills of the game before forcing them to play under game conditions. This means giving all children equal ice time and opportunity — instead of giving it mainly to a selected but pampered elite.

It also suggests, as a means of providing everyone with an equal share of ice time during winter, that a league be organized at two or three-minute intervals, making it mandatory that both teams change lines.

The big problem of insufficient ice time occurs most often in the major urban areas. As a classic example of how much better off your child is if he lives in a small town, I moved the Robertson household 30 miles north of Montreal to the tiny, Lacanville town of the Agoutie des Monts. The population is less than 5,000 in the winter, and the children's recreation is a model of low-key excellence.

My son still plays house league hockey, but it's two games a week now, in a new indoor arena with adjacent swimming pool. His team played more than 40 games last season in a five-team league which was divided up taking every boy who showed up, putting him on a team, and giving him equal ice time all winter. He also plays himself in a 10-and-under league so basically low key that the criterion on the team is whether it is a girl. My daughter, Patricia, who is 11, figure skated all winter in a club with unlimited instructors, for less than \$30.

If an athletic existence depended to the rat race we are offered in cramped urban arenas catering to the select few

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THE HIGH PRICE OF SUCCESS: YOU ARE WHAT YOU DO

By Heather Robertson

I first watched a man cry when he was 30. They were not tears of pain or grief, but tears of anxiety. Things were not going well at work. It was a shock. For the first time I saw a man in his late 20s, early 30s, crying more than anyone I began to look at more delicately, my friends, men in their early thirties, men whose bravado and self-confidence I had accepted as real. I listen as they talk corporate gossip, brag of their plans and possessions, but I hear something below, like in their voices and as they shake their shoulders as I see in their eyes a haunted, unstable look, the look of being in a sea. I look at them — flustered, fidgety from too much expensive alcohol, hair Playboy styled (seven dollars), suit (3,250) which might have been cut to the same pattern from the same lot of cloth, wrist, baggy, snapping their attitude cases open and shut with authority, whining from disappointment to appreciate the weekly suggestions. They are designed to me, although I have known them all my life. I leave their company lured by their success, depressed by their tenure, contemptuous of their pretensions. It is men, not women, who are trapped.

We are the children of great expectations, the first generation of Canadians to come of age facing neither poverty nor war nor violence. We carry a great weight of responsibility, governments of ambition and hope and sacrifice. We have inherited the card. This pressure to realize the Canadian dream has helped women escape poverty and dependency because it offered only one message of achievement — work. For men this message has been devastating.

"We are forced to become what we do," says a young lawyer, his black hair short, slicked down. In his white shirt and dark-blue vest he looks like something out of Owen Marshall. "Your occupation is your life. You can't practice law without being a lawyer, you have to eat, think, talk and look like a lawyer. You're locked in. After a while it no longer bothers you. I don't want to be anything else. I love my life. I want to be exactly what I am." He is 32, unmarried, childless, involved in a series of casual affairs.

"Does your commitment to your work make it difficult for you to establish a lasting relationship with a woman?" I ask. He looks shocked, alarmed. "You know," he says after a pause, "that's what my girl thinks when she left, that she came fourth after my work, my dog and my parents."

Women's options have increased, men's have diminished. "Where I talk high school," says the lawyer, "I had two choices, law or medicine, and I didn't like blood. Of course there were other choices, but they weren't presented to me. War and unemployment no longer provide an escape from a system which manipulates men as readily and efficiently as it does women. I remember the kids boys I know in school, beating each other up, drawing skins full of fighter planes, lead-mouthed, cruel, aggressive."

"Men are trained from early childhood to be emotional repressors," says a 31-year-old housewife bitterly. He has quit his job and now chews off all sorts of reasons for leaving. After a boy in this or that he doesn't go around knowing or hugging people, any more and of course he doesn't cry. You

learn not to be too loyal and not to take any other boy at his word. In any group of three, two will always be ganging up on the third. Every bit of leadership training teaches you to follow established authority. You learn how to exhibit people, their leadership. Women don't realize how superficial and shallow the relationships between men are. We don't see each other as people, creative individuals finding our place in the world. That's stupid rhetoric. Most men are doing jobs which have no relationship to their feeling of humanity. Christ, a peasant in Rome would have felt he was doing something far more than a man working in an office. They're both selfish. But at least a self has a relationship with the land. In an office you don't have a relationship with anything except the company that humiliates you."

Most young men I know have already surpassed their parents' most extravagant ambitions. They finish their post and money and look around and say, "Okay, what's next?" Next, of course, is more of the same, a better job, a bigger house. It's all they know. They still imbibe in liquid and hardware; they take private lessons, ski, do dope on week-ends, handle women, trying to fill up that day, indifferent to the emptiness of their existence. They're been taught to think of an ideal "private life," something every successful man must own, like a car. The more creative derive themselves to their work, accepting that consistent definition of their ambition as the whole and trying to expand it by working even harder, acquiring even more power. Money becomes a substitute for the love they can neither receive nor express. They remain little boys playing games, selfish, precocious, arrogant, still, unable to develop the perspective that would give their world ethical structure, cynical, compulsive, pay to over-whelming stress and unconscious sexual pressures.

"Men who are anxious and unhappy work harder," says the businessman. "A woman's part in the economy is to make men anxious by depriving them emotionally. It's the mother who provides the motive force. Consciously she did. She wanted me to make my way in the world to bring pride to her — I was an object of her success."

Power is enforced through punishment which in much more severe for boys than for girls. It makes men nervous about power. They become preoccupied with it. Men repeat their worst to the degree their worst have power over them. It makes women manipulative and cruel. That's why it goes bad in bed. Once a man senses he is a victim he ceases to have sexual interest in his wife.

Anger also makes a man work harder and the most successful men I know can on some level. A man usually selects his psychic violence on his women, laying on her all the qualities — stupidity, fragility, vulgarity, corruption — that he most detests in himself. He flies from marriage and children, even from intimacy, as traps, proof of his independence. The women, however, often leaves. Her fatherless soulless her cynicism and rage. He is alone. Tired, the apple of power is taken, he knows the loneliness and despair which is the definition of hell. How to get out? He doesn't once know the question to ask.

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